SIZZLING SUMMER SEX!!

PENTHOUSE COMIX

JUNE 1997

LIBBY'S BACK
WITH PLENTY OF FRONT!

THEN
BOOTY CALL
IN THE PUSSY CAMP

PLUS
GIRL TROUBLE
IN LITTLE CHINA!

U.S. $4.95
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June

THIS FINE PUBLICATION IS NOW IN ZIP-LOCK BAGGIE BY PEOPLE UNDER 18

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ISSUE 23-JUNE

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PENTHOUSE COMIX

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Latischa

of the lost world

PART 3

OH, GOD! I NEEDED THIS SO BAD!!
IT HAD BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE LIBBY HAD RUN FROM LATISCHA'S CAMP.
SHE HAD BEEN TIED TO A POST, LIKE A DOG, FOR ANYONE'S AMUSEMENT.

BUT THAT FIRST NIGHT, OLMAN HAD SET HER FREE! NOW THREE DAYS LATER, AFTER EATING ONLY FRUIT, LIBBY IS BECOMING DELIRIOUS WITH HUNGER.
WHERE CAN I GO? I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE BACK WITH UGAH AND THE TRIBE!

MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME I TRIED TO GET OUT OF HERE! I NEED TO GO HOME TO NEW YORK!
IF YOU DON'T MOVE, LIBBY, YOU'LL GET A CHANGE OF SCENERY ALL RIGHT!!

A-A-A-A--

ALLIGATOR!!!!!

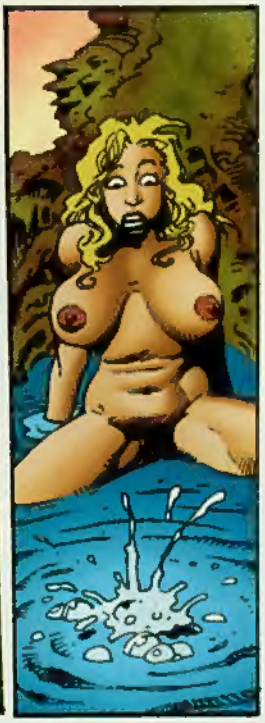
OY-VEY!!!

GOD? IF YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS, I WILL NEVER BUY ALLIGATOR SHOES OR HANDBAGS AGAIN! I SWEAR!!
MAN, YOU ONE SAD MOTHER, WHAT YOU BEEN DRINKING, NORMAN? TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET THE COCONUT MILK YOU BEEN TASTING!
NOOO WAY, J.J.!!!! I'M TELLING YOU, YOU GOTTA BE BLIND!

HEY, NORMAN! I'D PUT THAT AWAY IF I WERE YOU. THERE'S A BIRD OVER THERE, LICKING ITS BEAK! IT MUST'VE SEEN A JUICY WORM!!!
OK! THAT'S IT!! WE NEED TO GET AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER!!

AAGGGHHHHHH!!!
LOOKS LIKE YOU FOUND ONE!
WELL, LET'S MAKE SURE SHE'S STILL ALIVE TO JUDGE!!

LOOKS LIKE GOD DOESN'T BELIEVE ME!



WHAT... IS... HAPPENING?!!

NO-NO-AARRRHHH!!!

GETS'EM EVERY TIME!
HA! HA! HAH!

YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY?!!

POW!

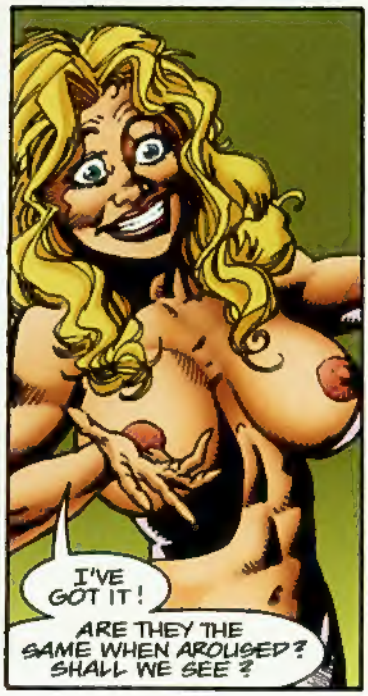
HEY! THAT WASN'T CALLED FOR! WE JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE!
GOTTA MIND TO KILL YOU MYSELF, GIRL!

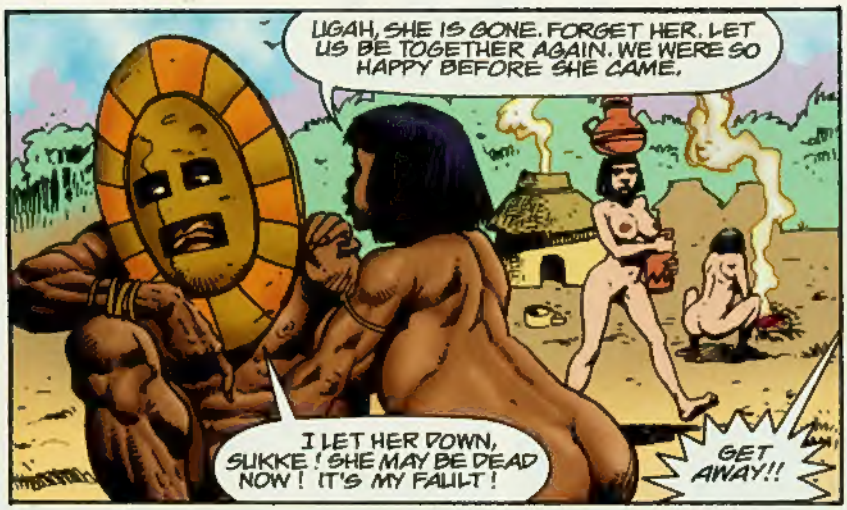
I'M SORRY. REALLY! BUT, YOU DID KIND OF ASK FOR IT!

NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, YOU OWE US A FAVOR!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'D BE ALLIGATOR FOOD IF IT WEREN'T FOR US!

O-OK. ONE FAVOR. JUST ONE!
ALRIGHT!!!

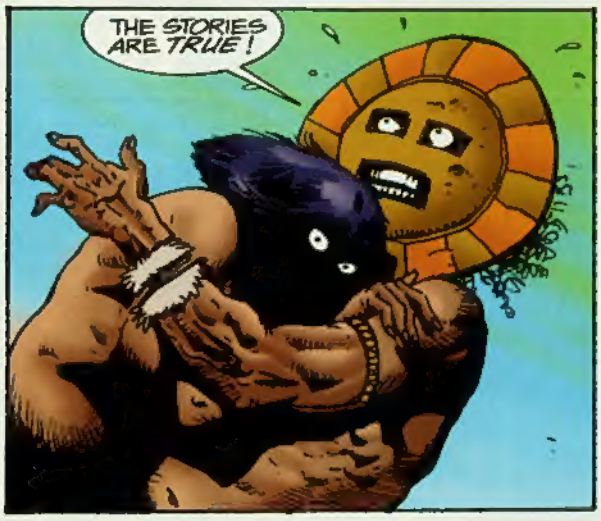
I'M SORRY! BUT, THEY LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME TO ME!
NO! NO! LOOK AGAIN!


I'VE GOT IT!
ARE THEY THE SAME WHEN AROUSED? SHALL WE SEE?


LIGAH, SHE IS GONE. FORGET HER. LET US BE TOGETHER AGAIN. WE WERE SO HAPPY BEFORE SHE CAME.
I LET HER DOWN, SUKKE! SHE MAY BE DEAD NOW! IT'S MY FAULT!
GET AWAY!!

IT'S COMING! RUN!!!

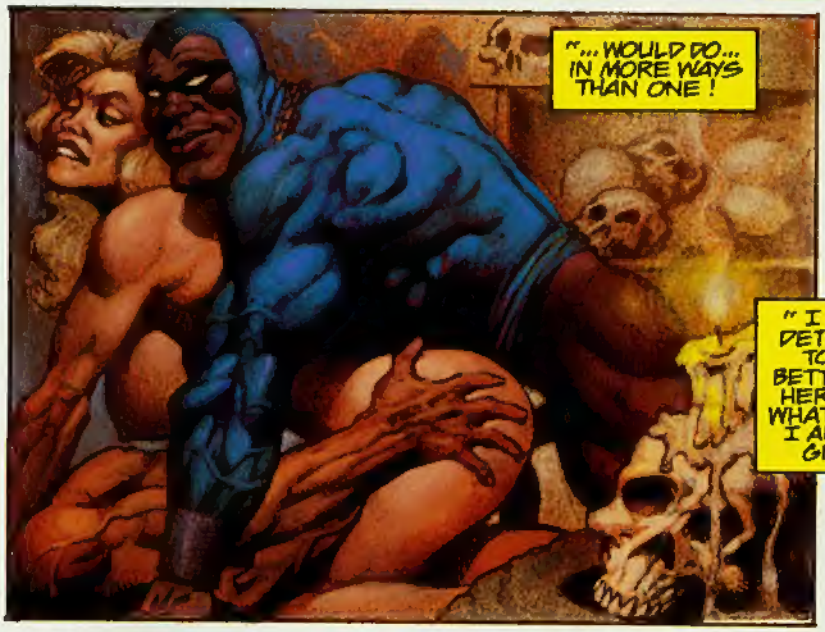
BEHIND YOU!!!


THE STORIES ARE TRUE!

WE ARE ALL DOOMED!!

"-- AT FIRST, IT WAS FINE, THEY WERE GOING TO HELP ME GET INTO SHAPE SO I COULD GET MY REVENGE ON LATISCHA.
OH, FUCK, MAN !! SHE'S TAKING THE WHOLE FRIGGIN' THING !!!!

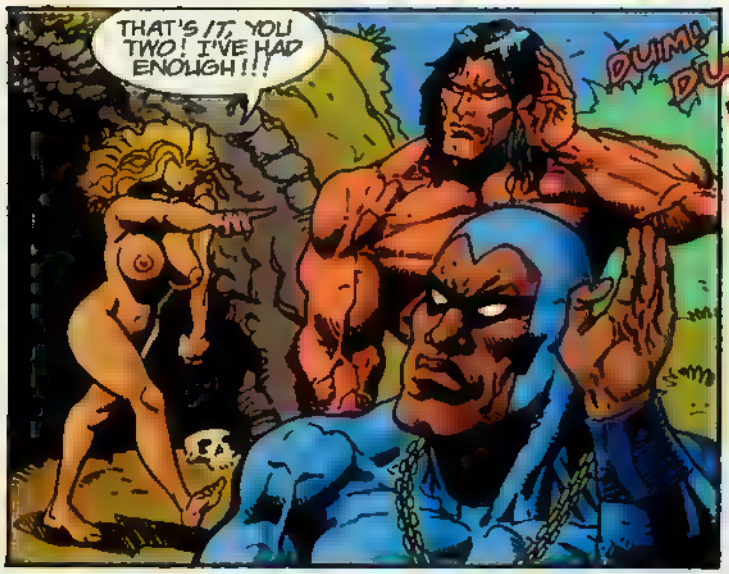
" I DID AND LEARN'T THINGS I NEVER DREAMED I COULD DO...


"... WOULD DO... IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE !

" I WAS DETERMINED TO BE BETTER THAN HER ! AND WHAT I WANT... I ALWAYS GET !!

"ONLY, NORMAN'S AND FANTUM'S EFFORTS TO HELP ME SLOWED. THEY STARTED TO TAKE ME FOR GRANTED.

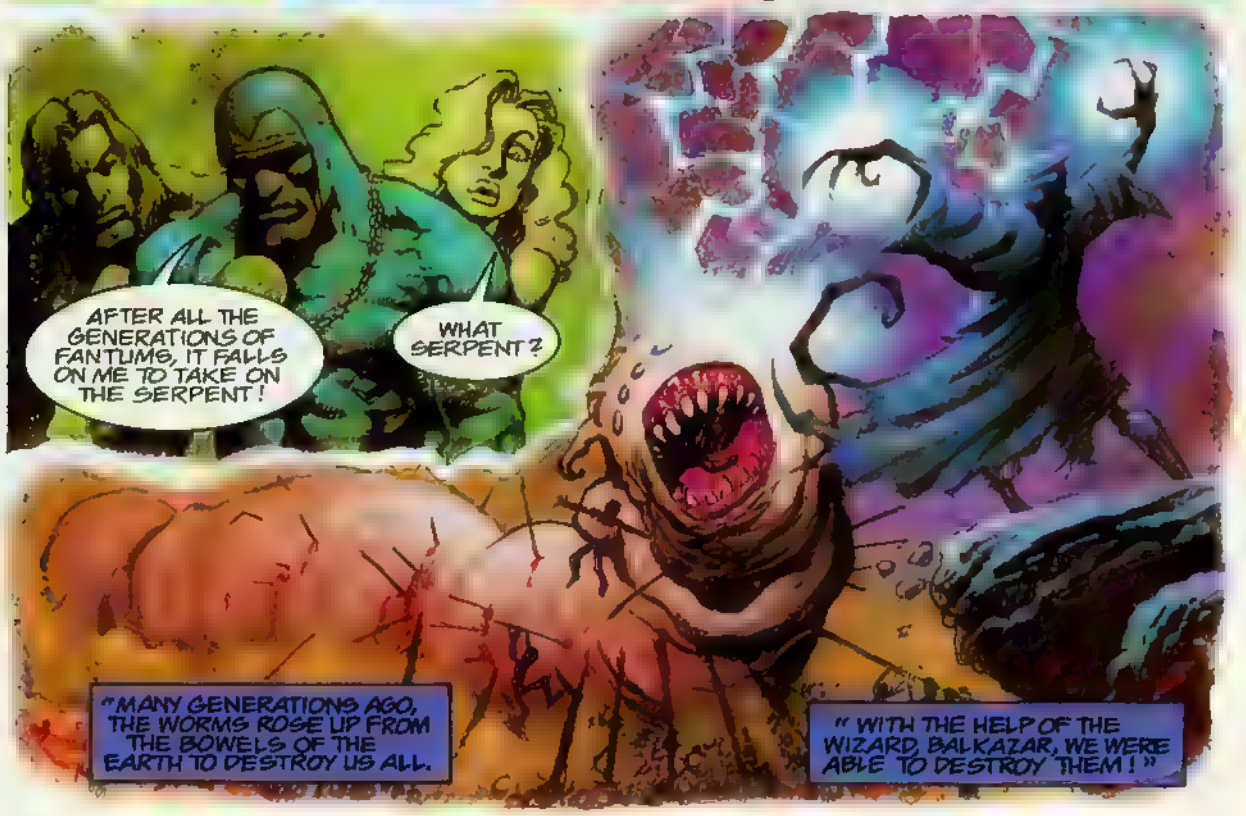
" A GIRL CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH, AND I WAS WAY OVER MY LIMIT ! "

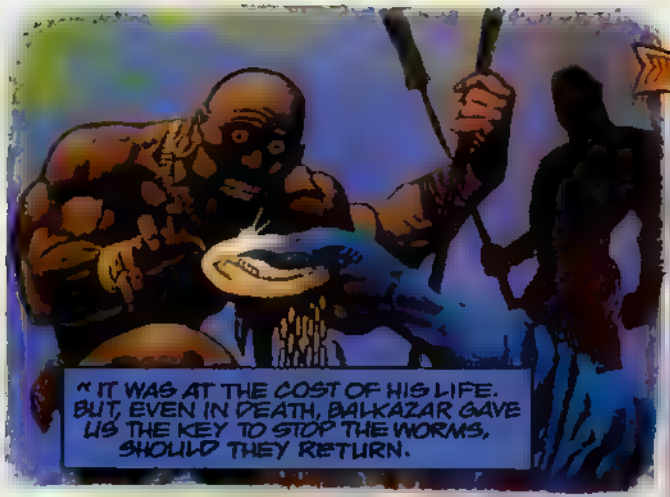

THAT'S IT, YOU TWO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!!!
DUM!
DUM!
DUM!

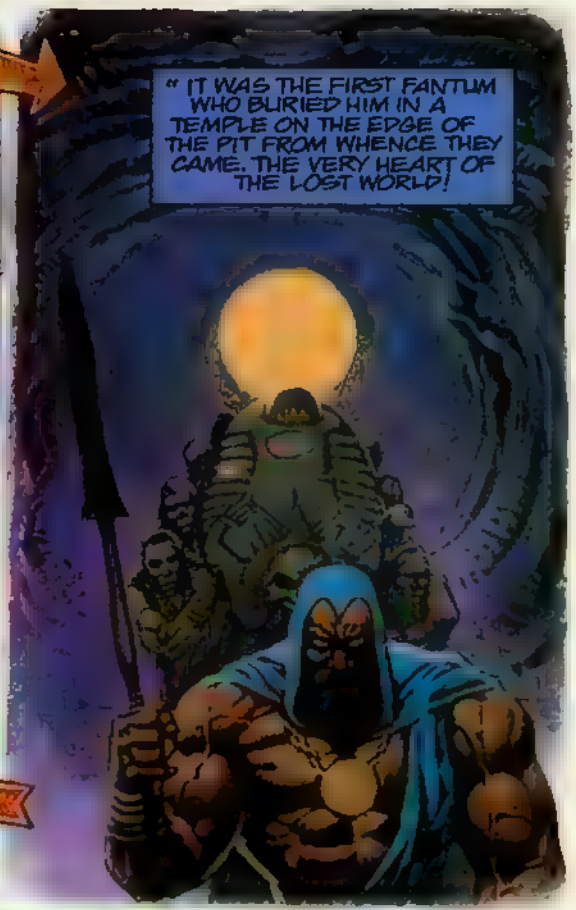
SSSHHHHH!!!

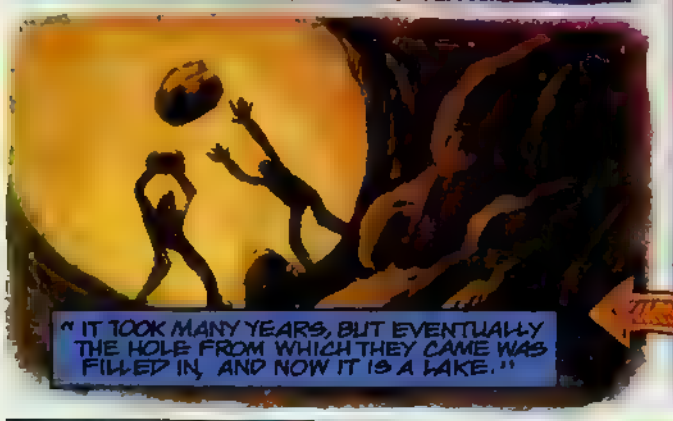
THEY LEAVE IT UNTIL NOW TO ASK FOR OUR HELP! ALWAYS THEY WAIT! THEY EXPECT MIRACLES FROM US. BUT, THIS...
WHAT IS IT? WHAT COULD BE SO BAD?

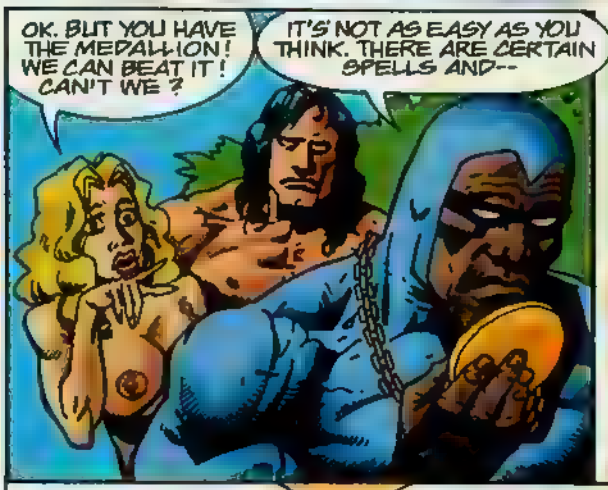
THE END OF THE LOST WORLD!

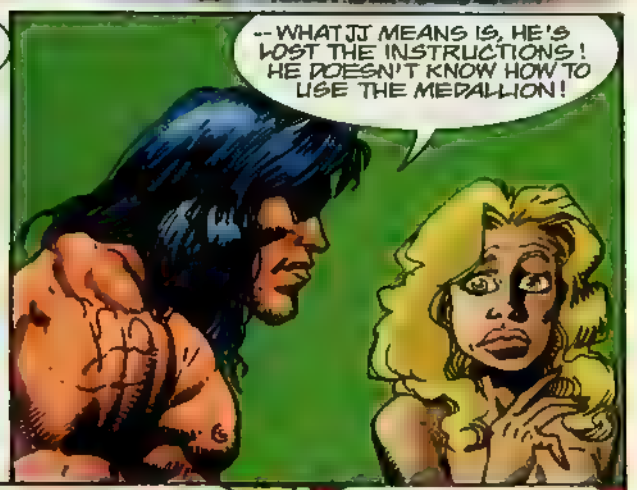

AFTER ALL THE GENERATIONS OF FANTUMS, IT FALLS ON ME TO TAKE ON THE SERPENT!
WHAT SERPENT?
"MANY GENERATIONS AGO, THE WORMS ROSE UP FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH TO DESTROY US ALL.
"WITH THE HELP OF THE WIZARD, BALKAZAR, WE WERE ABLE TO DESTROY THEM!"

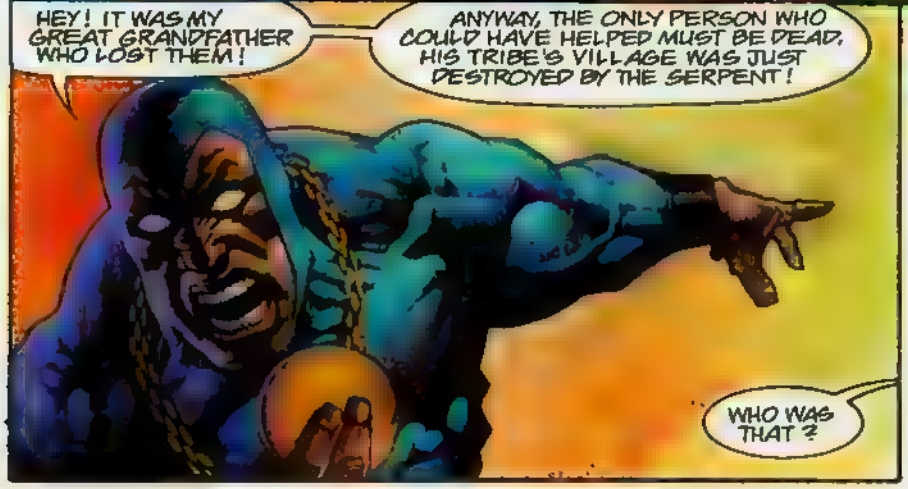

" IT WAS AT THE COST OF HIS LIFE. BUT, EVEN IN DEATH, BALKAZAR GAVE US THE KEY TO STOP THE WORMS, SHOULD THEY RETURN.


" IT WAS THE FIRST FANTUM WHO BURIED HIM IN A TEMPLE ON THE EDGE OF THE PIT FROM WHENCE THEY CAME. THE VERY HEART OF THE LOST WORLD!


" IT TOOK MANY YEARS, BUT EVENTUALLY THE HOLE FROM WHICH THEY CAME WAS FILLED IN, AND NOW IT IS A LAKE."


OK. BUT YOU HAVE THE MEDALLION! WE CAN BEAT IT! CAN'T WE?
IT'S NOT AS EASY AS YOU THINK. THERE ARE CERTAIN SPELLS AND--


--WHAT JJ MEANS IS, HE'S LOST THE INSTRUCTIONS! HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE MEDALLION!


HEY! IT WAS MY GREAT GRANDFATHER WHO LOST THEM!
ANYWAY, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE HELPED MUST BE DEAD. HIS TRIBE'S VILLAGE WAS JUST DESTROYED BY THE SERPENT!
WHO WAS THAT?

THE WITCH DOCTOR, UGAH BOOGAH!

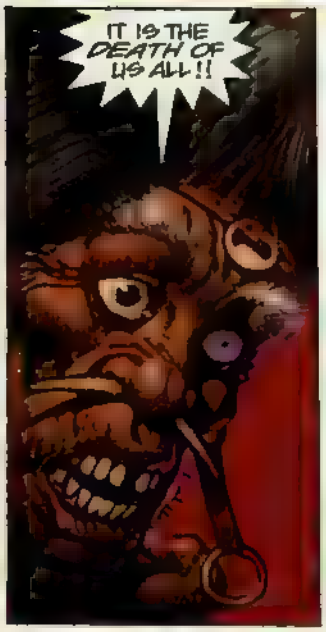
ATISCHA'S VILLAGE THAT NIGHT.
WE ARE IN DANGER! WE MUST DO SOMETHING...
WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO YOU, OLD MAN? AFTER YOU LET LIBBY GO, I SHOULD HAVE FED YOUR BALLS TO THE BUZZARDS!
LOOK!

IT IS UGAH BOOGAH!!!

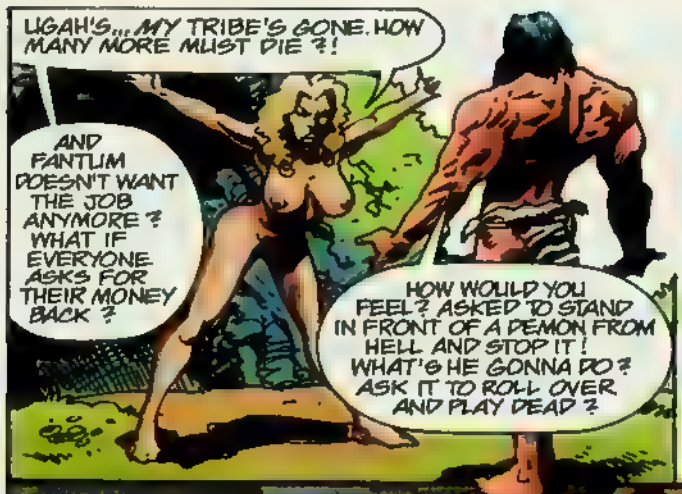
QUICKLY! GET HIM SOME WATER!
UGAH! YOU'VE SEEN IT! WHAT'S BEEN DESTROYING THE VILLAGES?

I-I- HAVE SEEN... THE WORM!

THE WORM!!
THE WORM?! WHAT IS THAT?

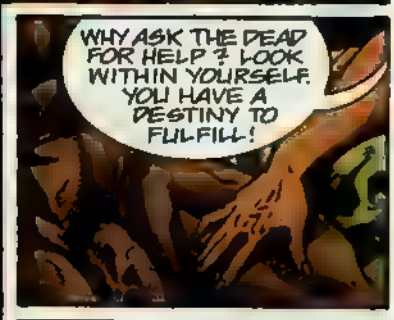

IT IS THE DEATH OF US ALL!!

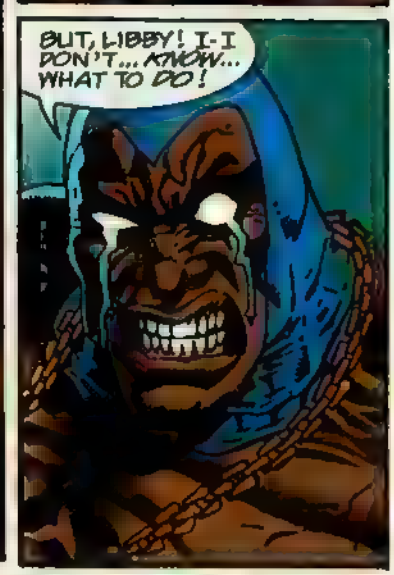
NO, THERE IS A WAY...
IT IS THE TIME OF THE FANTUM!!


UGAH'S... MY TRIBE'S GONE. HOW MANY MORE MUST DIE ?!
AND FANTUM DOESN'T WANT THE JOB ANYMORE ? WHAT IF EVERYONE ASKS FOR THEIR MONEY BACK ?
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ? ASKED TO STAND IN FRONT OF A DEMON FROM HELL AND STOP IT ! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO ? ASK IT TO ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD ?

MAYBE NOT. BUT HE CAN'T PRETEND HE DOESN'T HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO TRY !
LEAVE IT TO ME.

" I'LL SORT HIM OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER ! "
TELL ME, ANCESTORS, WHAT HAVE I BECOME ? A FANTUM, A COWARD ?? ! TELL ME WHAT TO DO !
JJ ?


WHY ASK THE DEAD FOR HELP ? LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF. YOU HAVE A DESTINY TO FULFILL !


BUT, LIBBY ! I-I DON'T... KNOW... WHAT TO DO !

WE WILL HELP FIND THE ANSWER WITHIN YOU !

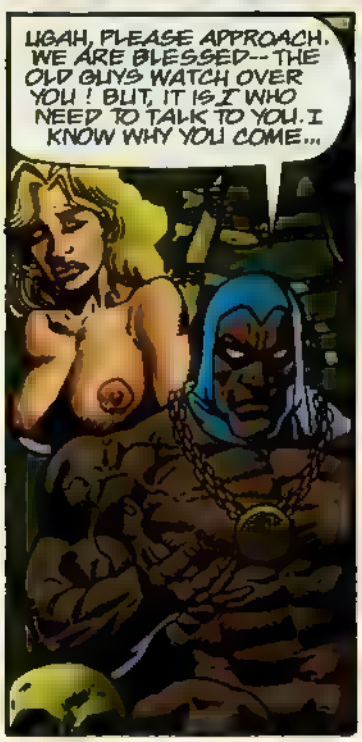
" YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT ! "

LATER...
FANTUM?!
UGH... NORMAN? UGH... THAT YOU?

LIBBY?!

UGAH?!

UGAH! YOU'RE ALIVE!
YES--I AM. I WISH I COULD SAY THAT FOR THE REST OF THE TRIBE.
I...ER... I NEED TO TALK TO THE FANTUM.


UGAH, PLEASE APPROACH. WE ARE BLESSED--THE OLD GUYS WATCH OVER YOU! BUT, IT IS I WHO NEED TO TALK TO YOU. I KNOW WHY YOU COME...

BUT, I FEAR WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE TO USE THIS, I AM OF LITTLE USE!

ALL IS NOT LOST...THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SECOND COPY OF THE SPELLS CARRIED BY MY TRIBE!

EACH GENERATION OF WITCH DOCTOR HAS PASSED IT ON TO THE NEXT!
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET TO THE CENTER OF THE LOST WORLD.
IF THIS FANTUM IS SUCH A HOT SHOT AROUND HERE, WHY HAVE YOU NOT INTRODUCED ME BEFORE?
WELL, LATISCHA...
AND WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAND OUTSIDE, WHILE THAT TWERP, UGAH, GETS TO GO INSIDE? I'M LEADER OF OUR TRIBE. HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ONE ANYMORE!
HUWO, SWEET CHEEKS!
YOU!
HIYA, BABE! NICE TO BE REMEMBERED!!
NOT THAT I EXPECTED FLOWERS OR ANYTHING...

BUT, YOU DON'T FUCK A GIRL AND THEN LEAVE HER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE!
ahem... J.J. FANTUM, I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO...
POW!
OLMAN! WE MUST TRAVEL TO THE CENTER OF THE LOST WORLD. WE MUST KILL THE SERPENT! THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE!
UGAH HAS ALREADY TOLD US EVERYTHING. WE ARE READY. IT WILL TAKE SIX DAYS BY FOOT...
WE DON'T HAVE SIX DAYS TO SPARE!!
LATISCHA! YOU FUCKIN' BITCH CUNT!!!
...OR IT WILL TAKE TWO DAYS..
"...BY AIR!"
I KNOW IT IS OVER BETWEEN UGAH AND ME, BUT IT FEELS ODD TO HAVE SOMEONE ELSE HOLDING ME WHEN HE IS SO CLOSE.
THERE! IN THE DISTANCE. WE ARE HERE...
YOU HAVE BEEN DISTANT THESE LAST TWO DAYS, LIBBY. WHAT IS THE MATTER?

THE TEMPLE OF BALKAZAR!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS GET IN!

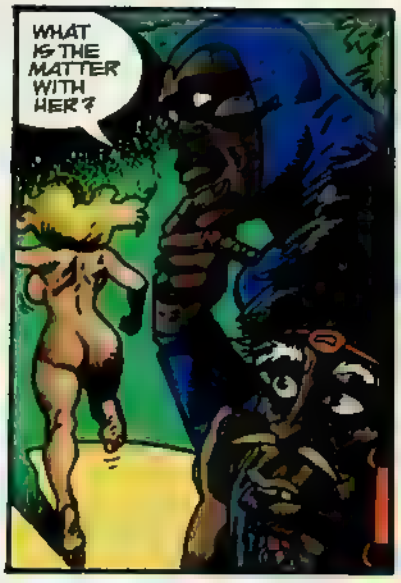
OH, YEAH? WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WHEN YOU GET INSIDE?
IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE!
I'VE FOUND THE DOOR!!

HERE, FANTUM. GIVE ME THE MEDALLION. IT IS THE KEY!

MY FAMILY HAS WAITED GENERATIONS FOR THIS MOMENT. SO, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. WHA...!

FOOT

SO... WHO'S GOING IN?
OH, NO! ME FIRST!!!


WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HER?

YIKES!!!

IF THAT'S A WORM, I HOPE THERE'S NO SNAKES AROUND HERE!

IF WE GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, IT'S GONNA BE A LONG WALK HOME. IT JUST ATE ONE OF OUR RIDES!
LOOK! IT GETS BRIGHTER JUST AHEAD.
THAT MUST BE THE BURIAL CHAMBER.

FROM WHERE IN THE WORLD...

THE GODS...
HERE!
THIS MUST BE BAL-KAZAR!!
I THINK YOU MEAN, "FROM WHICH WORLD"!

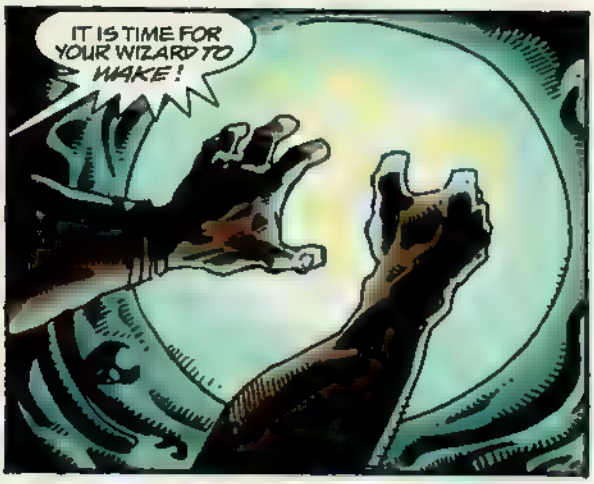
THERE YOU ARE, FANTUM. YOUR WIZARD WAS AN...

ALIEN!!!

THE WORM--IT STRIKES!!
NOW WE ARE IN HERE...

"... WHAT DO WE DO?"

FANTUM! COME. HAND ME THE MEDALLION! I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE!


IT IS TIME FOR YOUR WIZARD TO WAKE!

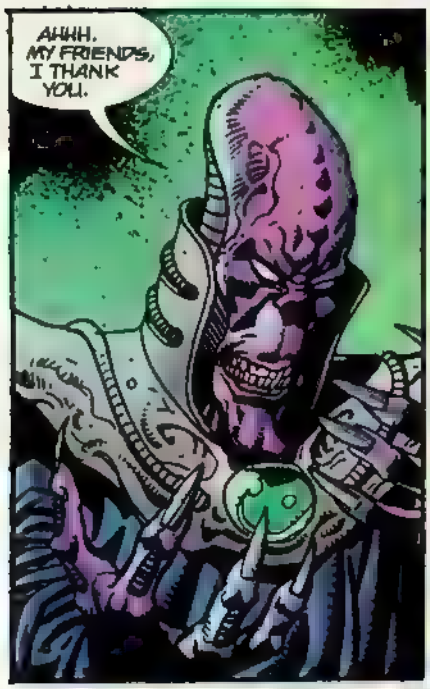
UGAH?

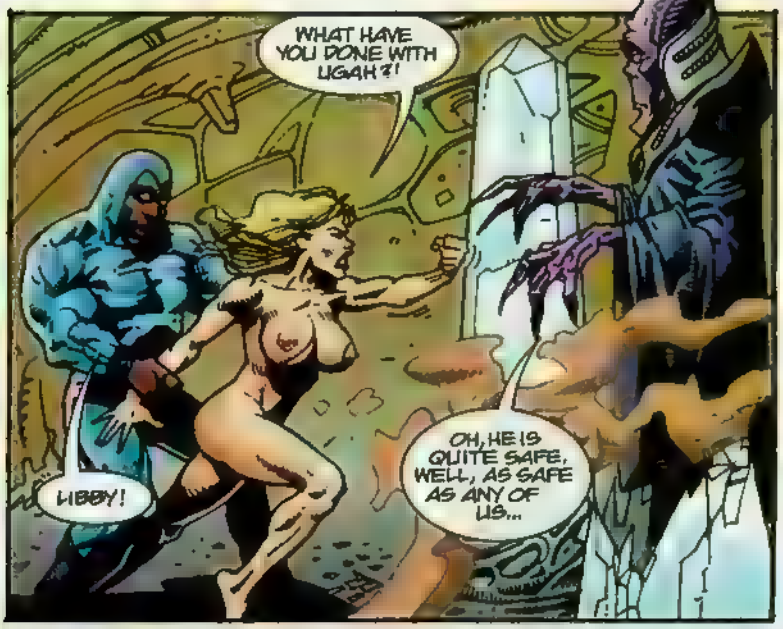
OH, MY GOD!!!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE FIGHT!!
WITHOUT UGAH, WE'RE FUCKED! NO ONE ELSE KNOWS WHAT TO DO! WE HAVE NO CHOICE...EVEN IF WE ALL DIE, WE DIE OUR WAY!

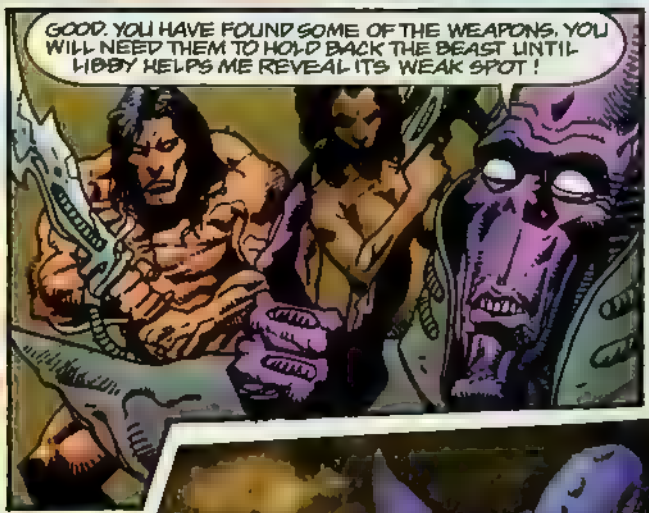
LOOK! THE CRYSTAL...

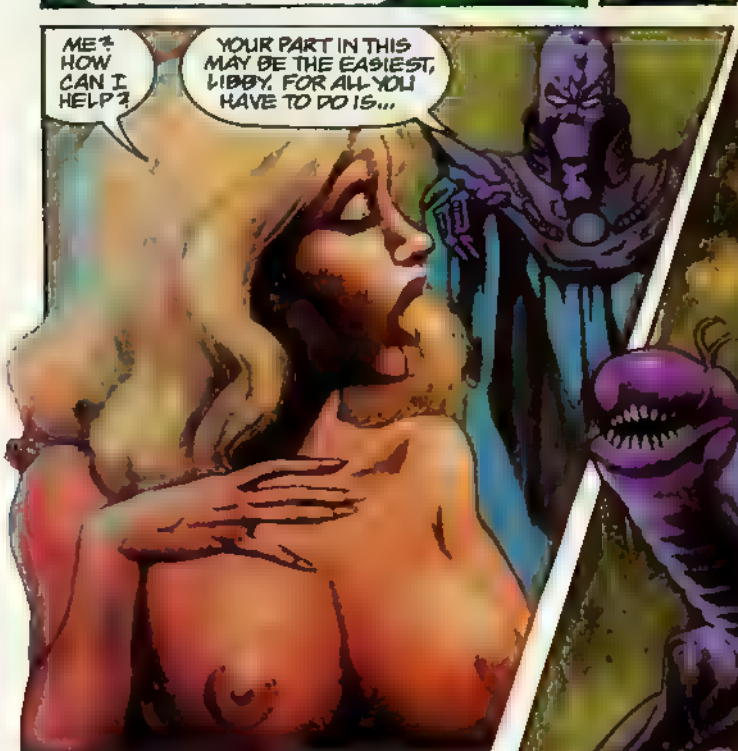
KOOPH!


AHHH. MY FRIENDS, I THANK YOU.


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH UGAH?!
LIBBY!
OH, HE IS QUITE SAFE, WELL, AS SAFE AS ANY OF US...

... WHICH, FROM THE SOUNDS OF THINGS, ISN'T THAT SAFE AT ALL! I THINK WE'D BEST GET STARTED!


GOOD. YOU HAVE FOUND SOME OF THE WEAPONS. YOU WILL NEED THEM TO HOLD BACK THE BEAST UNTIL LIBBY HELPS ME REVEAL ITS WEAK SPOT!

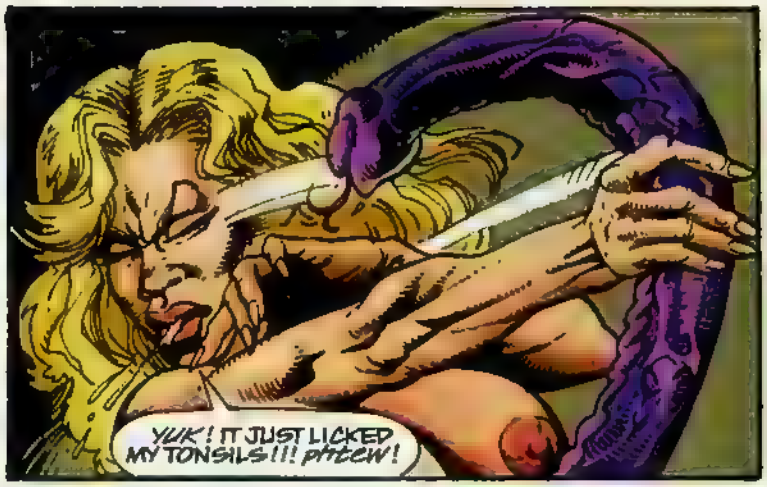

ME? HOW CAN I HELP?
YOUR PART IN THIS MAY BE THE EASIEST, LIBBY. FOR ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS...

...FUCK THIS!

OH, GOD!! THAT THING HAS A TONGUE!! IT'S LICKING ITS LIPS!!!
LIBBY, PLEASE REMAIN CALM. LET ME EXPLAIN.
THE CRYSTALS YOU SEE HERE ARE A WEAPON THAT WILL OPEN A PATHWAY TO THE HEART OF THE WORM. THEY CAN ONLY BE ACTIVATED BY A CONCENTRATED BLAST OF KINETIC ENERGY. I CAN SUMMON THE NECESSARY VOLUME OF POWER IN TWO WAYS...
I CAN MEDITATE, WHILE RECITING THE KUO'CHUA, A CHANT FOR SUMMONING ALL THE PSIONIC ENERGY FROM THE AIR...
...UNFORTUNATELY, THAT TAKES AT LEAST THREE DAYS, WHICH WE DON'T HAVE.
NOW... THE SAME ENERGY CAN BE RAISED USING TANTRIC SEX. AT THE MOMENT OF EJACULATION, I DIVERT THE SPERM INTO MY BLADDER. THIS ACTION...
YOU DIVERT SPERM?...
...INTO YOUR BLADDER?!
ECHHH!!!
ENOUGH! YOU MUST ALL PLAY YOUR PARTS. YOU WILL ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE! WHEN THE HEART IS REVEALED, YOU MUST CUT IT OUT! YOU MUST BE WILLING TO DIE IF NECESSARY!
I WILL, IF I HAVE TO FIT THAT THING THE WHOLE WAY IN!

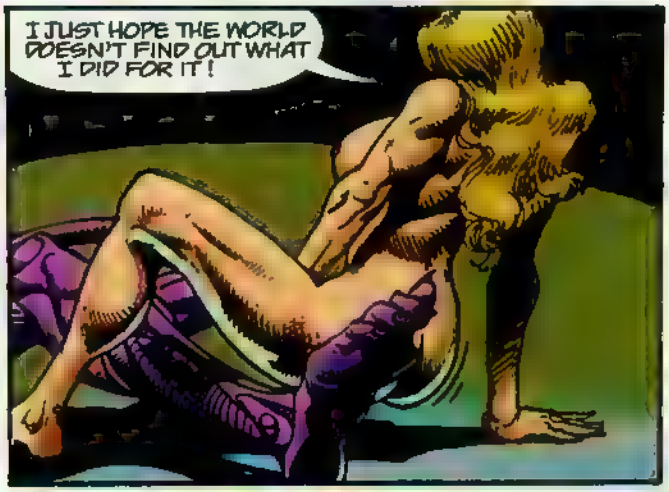
SO, BALKAZAR, BEFORE YOU GET IT ON WITH THE PRINCESS, DO YOU MIND TELLIN' US HOW WE SPOSE'TA USE THESE ?
WHA' THE FUCK ??!!
OUCH! IT BIT ME!
YOUR WEAPONS ARE MERGING WITH YOU. THEY WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.
I HOPE THIS DOESN'T BITE.
HAH! I WISH I COULD STAY TO SEE THIS, BUT I HAVE TO STICK MY HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH. SO PLEASE, FOR ALL OUR SAKES, DON'T BOTHER TOO MUCH WITH FOREPLAY, OK ?
AHHHHH!! OH, GOD!!! CAN'T YOU STOP IT FROM DOING THAT ?!
IF ONLY I COULD DO SOME GOOD...
OHHH, SHIT!!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT MY WEAPON SEEMS NOT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO TELL ME!

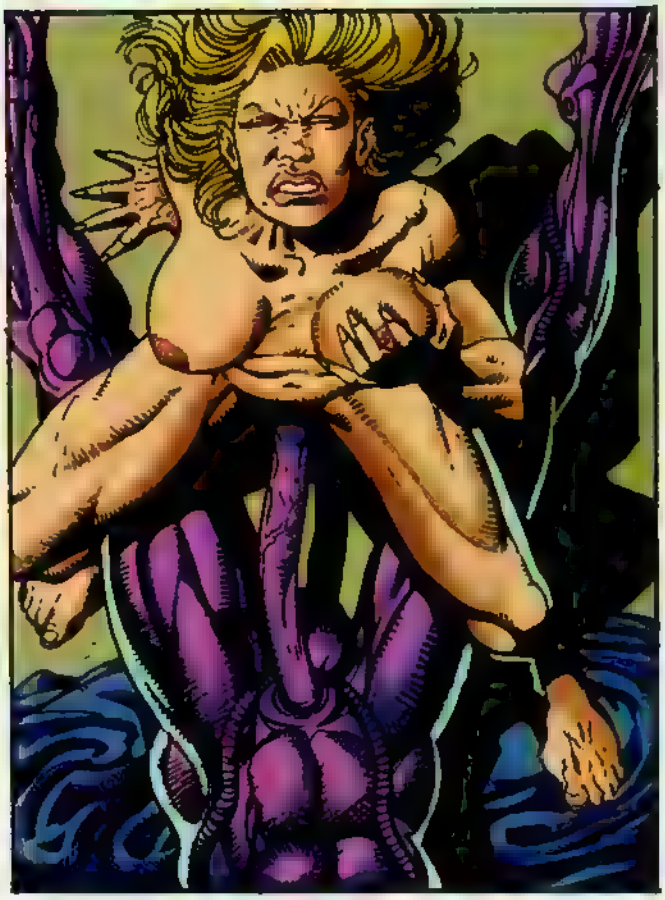
GOOD. THIS IS A GOOD THING. NOW START LICKING THE HEAD.
OH, GROSS!!
AKK!!


YUK! IT JUST LICKED MY TONSILS!!! pttew!

LIBBY, YOU ALMOST HAD ME THERE. YOU MUST FINISH THE JOB!

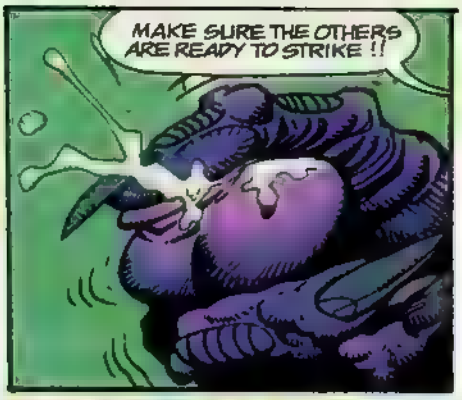
ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S NOT GOING IN MY MOUTH AGAIN!


I JUST HOPE THE WORLD DOESN'T FIND OUT WHAT I DID FOR IT!



HUH! HUH! JUST-A-MOMENT-MOOORE...

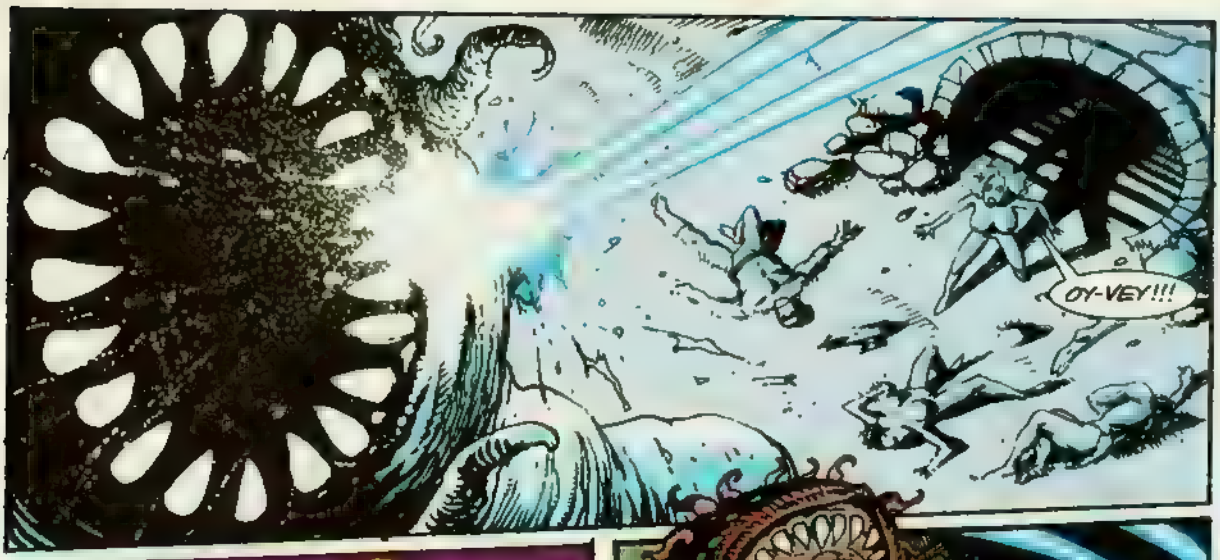
I'M COMING!!


MAKE SURE THE OTHERS ARE READY TO STRIKE !!

GET READY...

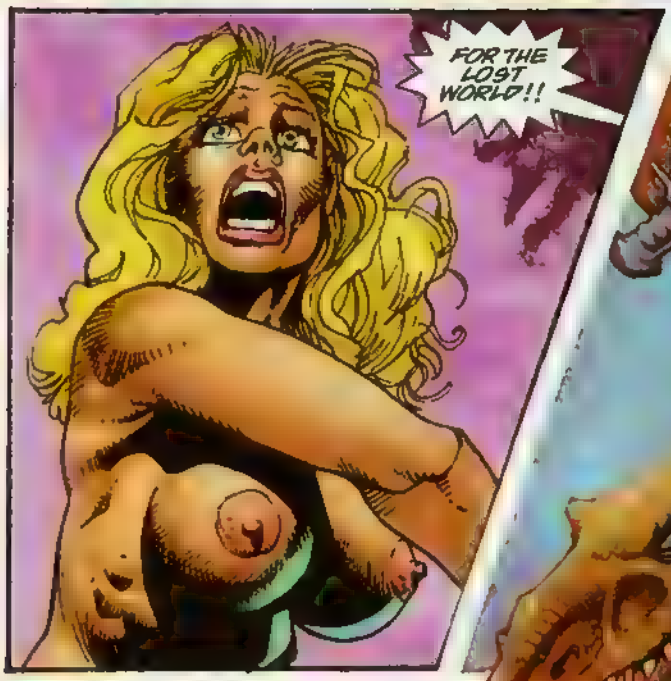
...NOW!!!

YOW!

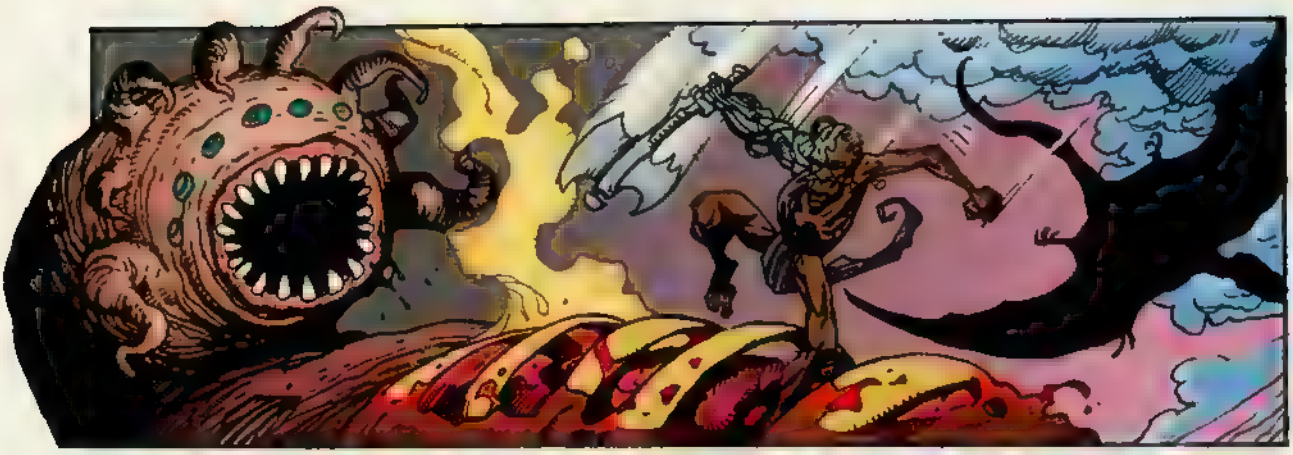

OY-VEY!!!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

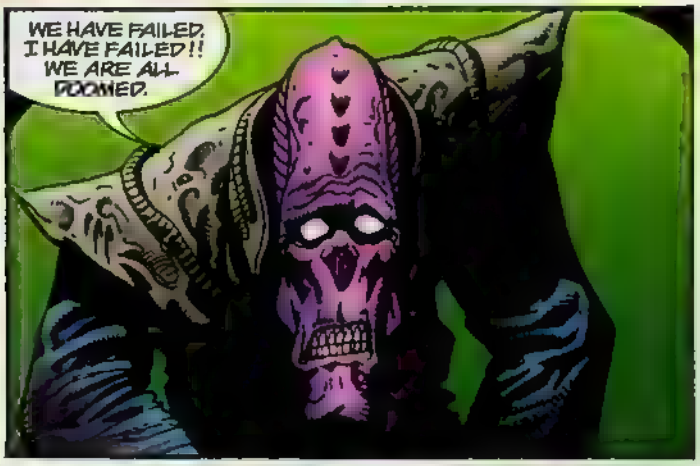
OH GOD!!! ITS HEART!!
THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT DO WE DO NOW??


FOR THE LOST WORLD!!

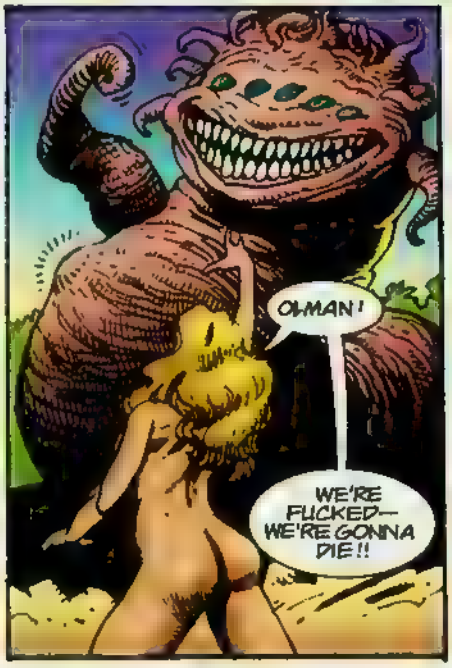
FOR LIFE!!



NNOOOOO!!!


WE HAVE FAILED. I HAVE FAILED!! WE ARE ALL DOOMED.

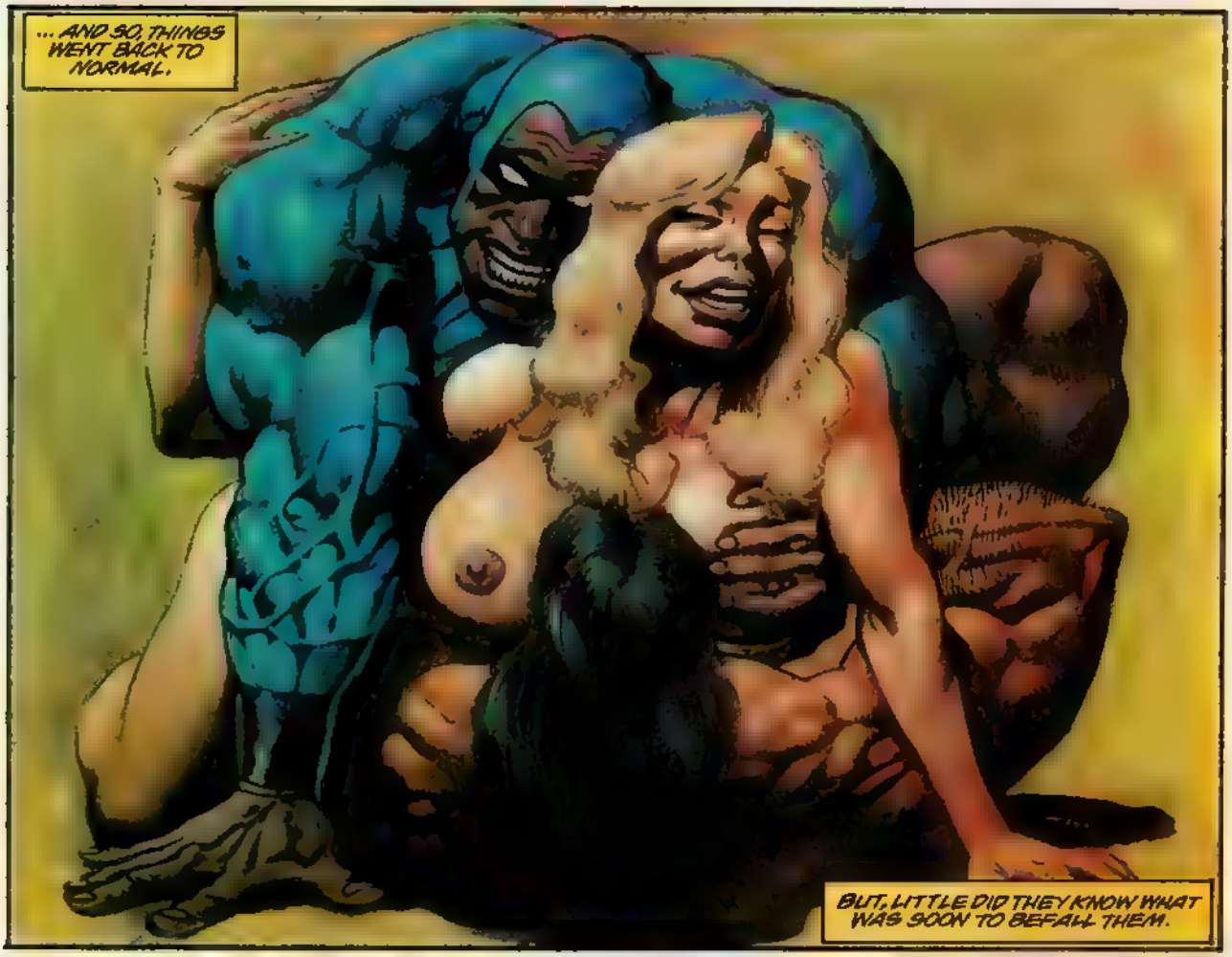
IT'S OVER! FOR ME AT LEAST. BUT I MUST CUT OUT THIS EVIL HEART! I MUST!!


OI-MAN!
WE'RE FUCKED— WE'RE GONNA DIE!!

UUUUUUUUUUARRR

UNK?!

SSKREEEEEEEEEE!
KRUMFH!
OLMAN! HE DID IT!! THE OLD SOD DID IT!!!
HE ALWAYS GAVE OF HIMSELF. NEVER WANTING. NOW HE GAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING HE COULD GIVE. HIS LIFE.
HE'S ALIVE!!
WE HAVE ONLY ONE WAY OF GETTING THROUGH THE WORM'S INDESTRUCTIBLE SKIN.
GET ME OUTTA HERE. I CAN'T BREATHE. IT STINKS IN HERE.
HEY, LATISCHA! ALL THAT STUFF YOU SAID ABOUT OLMAN. HOW ABOUT YOU PAY HIM BACK NOW?
OHHH, NOOO!
I CAN'T.
NOT AN ALIEN, PLEASE.
LOOK, LIBBY... I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING... YOU'VE DONE IT ALREADY.
AWWW, NOOO!


... AND SO, THINGS WENT BACK TO NORMAL.
BUT, LITTLE DID THEY KNOW WHAT WAS SOON TO BEFALL THEM.

THE LOST WORLD WAS ABOUT TO HAVE ITS BIGGEST UPHEAVAL EVER!
THE END-- FOR NOW!

THE DEATHKILLER SQUAD

"I Can't Help You Till It Gets a lot Worse."

Buzz Story by Dixon
by Art Cully Hammer
Brown Color Design by Dan
Digital Chameleon by Color Rendering
Elopoulos Chris by Lettering

THE TEAM SUPREME TARGET RANGE...
DEATHKILLER TEST FIRES HIS NEW ELECTRO-WAND...
A WEAPON IMPOSED ON HIM BY HOTBLOOD...
-SIGH- WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A GOOD OLD 1911 ARMY COLT .45!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
THOUGHT THE LITTLE LADIES MIGHT ENJOY SEEING HOW A REAL MAN HANDLES HIS WEAPON.
HOPE I DIDN'T SCARE YOU INTO DAMAGING YOUR FAIRY WAND-- HAW! HAW!
OH, SEÑOR HOTBLOOD-- TEE-HEE!
KA-POW
@#♦%
GEE HOTBLOOD, DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE NOT GONNA USE THE SAUNA?
AND SO CLOSES ONE CHAPTER OF DEATHKILLER'S CAREER...
...WITH A NEW ONE ABOUT TO OPEN!

HOTBLOOD HAS FROSTED MY BALLS FOR THE LAST TIME--
--I'M QUITTING THE TEAM SUPREME, EFFECTIVE TODAY!
DEPARTMENT
DEFENS
SPECIAL OP
TRAINING
CENTER
I'M OFFERING PENTAGON SPECIAL OPS MY SERVICES, MAJOR PAYNE.
AFTER ALL, I WAS IN THE BIG ONE.
FWOOOOSH!
I DON'T SEE HOW THAT AFFECTS ME.
VIETNAM?
?
THAT MUST MAKE YOU--WHAT--SEVENTY FIVE YEARS OLD?
NO, DOUBLE-YEW DOUBLE-YEW TWO.
YUP. I'M ONE OF THE SMALL HANDFUL OF HEROES WHO HAS SUPER-LONGEVITY AS A POWER!
NORMALLY I'D TURN YOU DOWN FLAT--
--BUT WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL SITUATION--
--AND A SPECIAL SQUAD--
--WITH SPECIAL PROBLEMS.
AND I THINK IT JUST MAY TAKE A COMBAT-HARDENED SUPERHERO TO HANDLE 'EM ALL!

SHORTLY...

YOUR SQUAD, DEATHKILLER.

MISO HORNI, CODE NAME BLOW JOB, DEMOLITIONS.

IVAN GROMBONOVICH, CODE NAME VODKA, FORMER SOVIET BATTALION COMMANDER. YOUR FIELD ADVISOR.

DUTOINE PARKER, CODE NAME SPIKE, BORN ELECTRONICS GENIUS.

-URP-

'CAUSE AFRICANS WERE FIRST TO DISCOVER ELECTRICITY. YOU KNOW BEN FRANKLIN WAS BLACK?

CAN IT, SPIKE. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, LANCE MILLER, ISRAELI INFILTRATION EXPERT--

YEAH, I'M ISRAELI. GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

--CODE NAME, CHUTZPAH.

NO. SOME OF MY--

CAN THE "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS" CLICHES.

I WAS GONNA SAY, SOME OF MY TOUGHEST FOES HAVE BEEN JEWISH. YOU GUYS CAN BE REAL BAD ASSES.*

*FLAWLESS YIDDISH, OF COURSE --ED

OH, YOU LIKE PICKING ON US, EH? AS IF WE HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH--

'SCUSE ME, BUT IF WE'RE GONNA TALK 'BOUT FOLKS SUFFERING, LET'S LOOK AT WHAT YOUR PEOPLE DID TO THE AFRICANS.

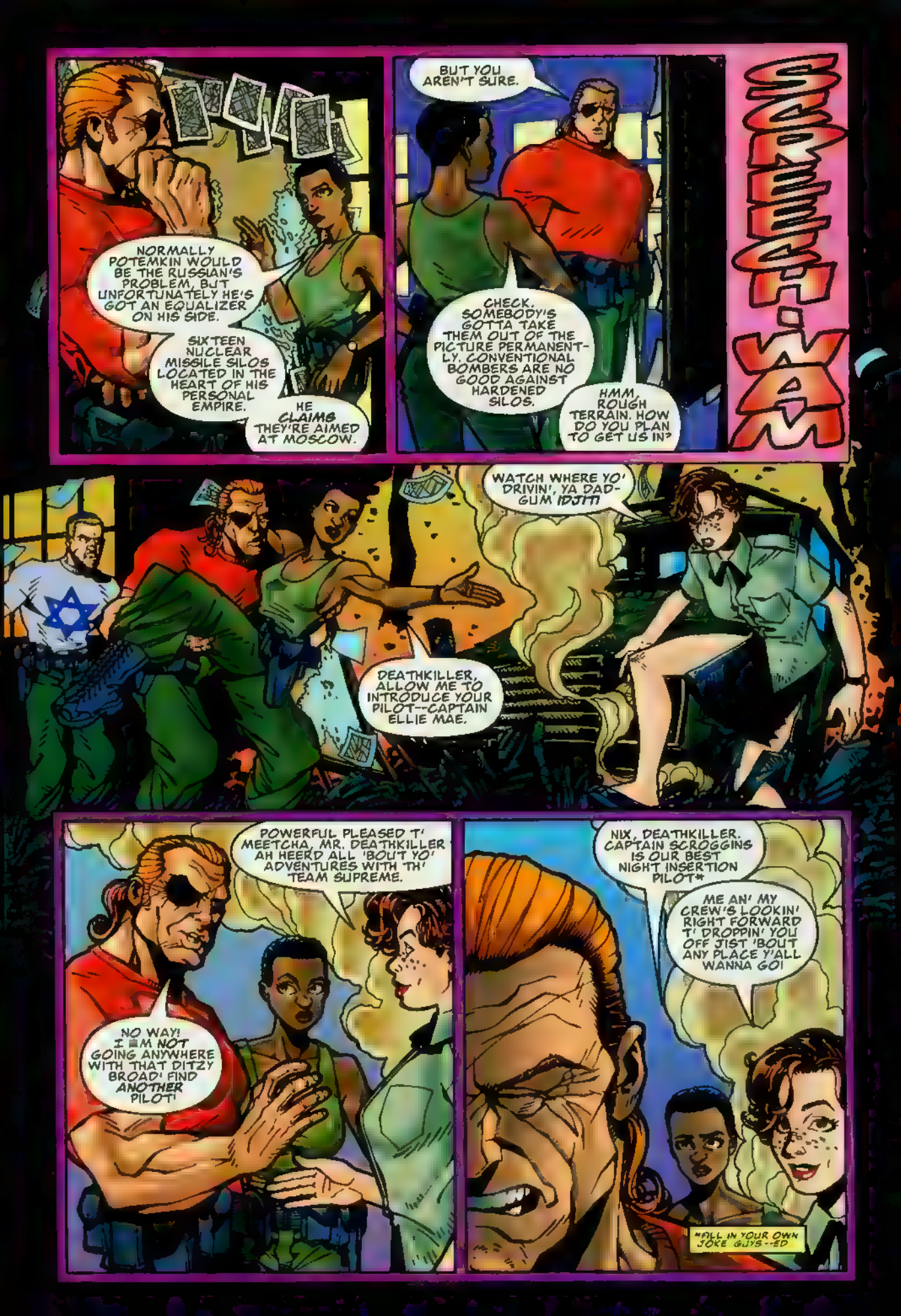
BASE LIES! TO COMPARE YOUR SUFFERING TO WHAT THE COSSACKS DID TO US--
WATCH MOUTH. MY MOTHER IS BEING COSSACK!
SEE WHY WE NEED A SUPERHERO TO RUN THIS SQUAD?
YOU AND THE SLANTS--
HEY!

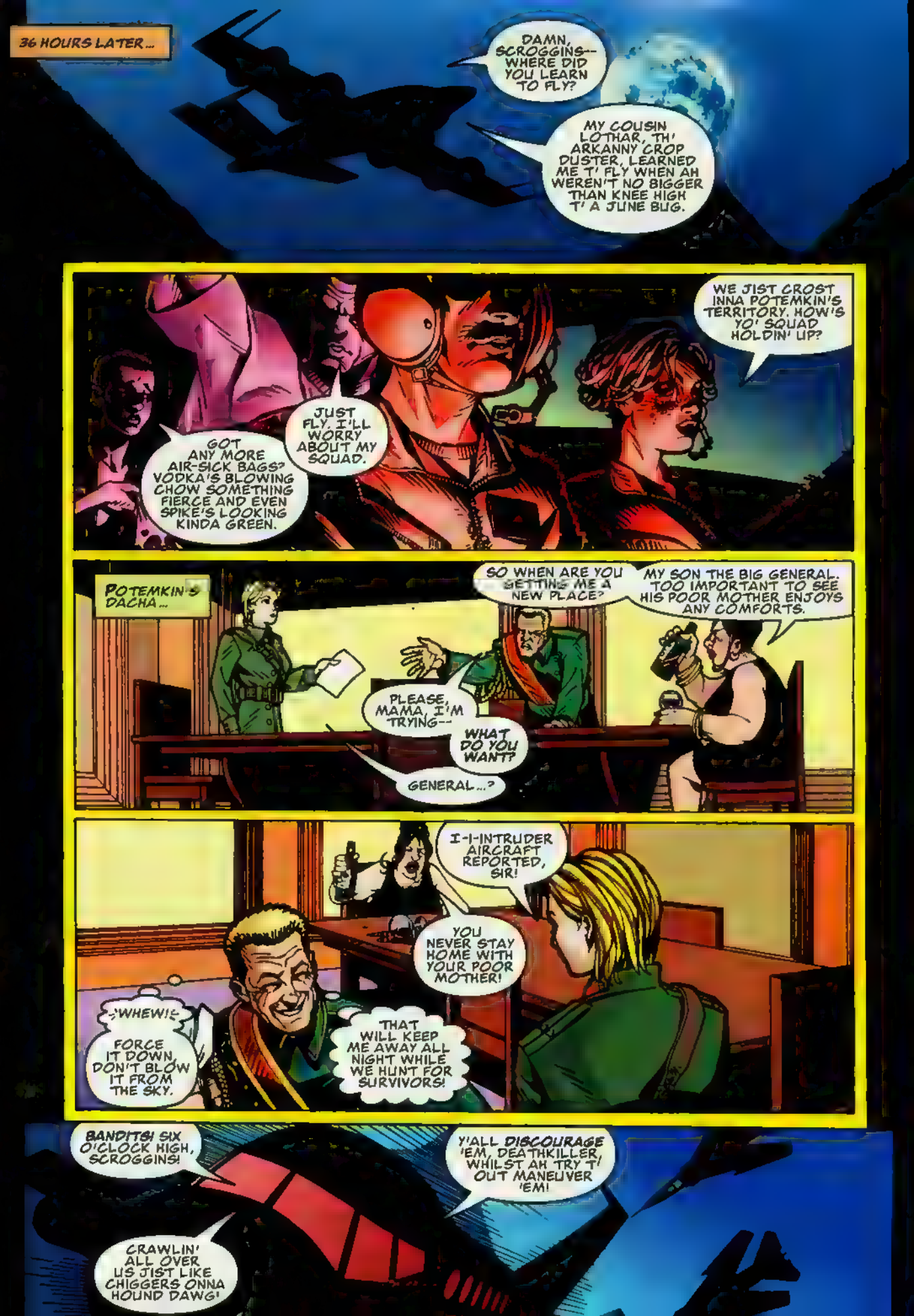
BRAHHHHHHHATATATAT!!!
IS DIVING FOR COVER!

SHADDAP!
I TOLERATE ZERO BULLSHIT IN MY UNIT!
ANTI-SEMITE!
TYPICAL WHITE EUROCENTRIST SUPPRESSION OF INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM--
TYPICAL MALE CHAUVINIST BEHAVIOR--
AMERICAN CAPITALIST SWINE!

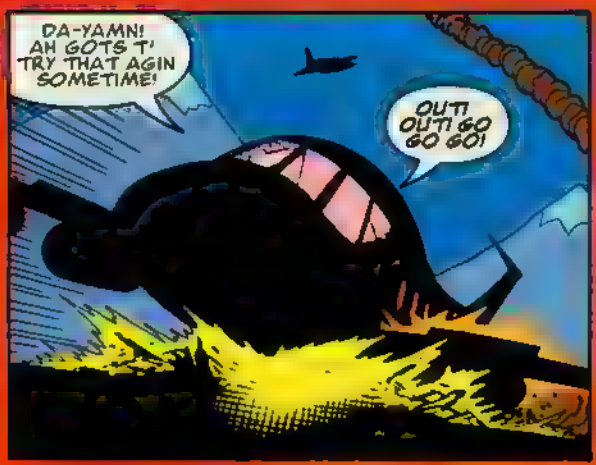
YOUR UNIT HAS BEEN ASSEMBLED BECAUSE WE NEED AN INTERNATIONAL FORCE TO GO AFTER A PROBLEM WE HAVE IN CENTRAL ASIA.
GENERAL PETIA POTEMKIN, RIGHT?
I SEE YOU KEEP UP WITH THE NEWS. GOOD

YEAH, THE TEAM SUPREME TRIED TO KEEP AN EYE ON HOT SPOTS--
--SLUMPING COMICS SALES, MOSTLY--
--'CAUSE WE NEVER COULD TELL WHERE A NEW THREAT WOULD ERUPT
"PETIR POTEMKIN IS A FORMER SOVIET GENERAL AND WEAPONS DESIGNER WHO IS CARVING OUT AN EMPIRE OF HIS OWN.
"HE'S CONSOLIDATED HIS HOLD ON A REGION THAT HOLDS JUST ENOUGH NATURAL RESOURCES FOR HIS ARMY TO BE MARGINALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT--
"--THOUGH THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR HIS SUBJECTS!
"THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT, DEATHKILLER.
"POTEMKIN'S MOTHER IS A REAL BALL-BUSTER. THE DAUGHTER AND WIFE OF FORMER POLITBURO MEMBERS, SHE GREW UP USED TO LUXURIES FORBIDDEN HER SOVIET COMRADES.
"SINCE THE COMMIES WERE KICKED OUT, SHE'S BEEN SCHEMING AND PUSHING HER SON TO PUT HER BACK IN THE LUSH LIFE."
INTELLIGENCE SAYS SHE BRINGS BRAND NEW MEANING TO THE WORDS "CASTRATING BITCH."


SUPREME: WAR
NORMALLY POTEMKIN WOULD BE THE RUSSIAN'S PROBLEM, BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE'S GOT AN EQUALIZER ON HIS SIDE.
SIXTEEN NUCLEAR MISSILE SILOS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF HIS PERSONAL EMPIRE.
HE CLAIMS THEY'RE AIMED AT MOSCOW.
BUT YOU AREN'T SURE.
CHECK. SOMEBODY'S GOTTA TAKE THEM OUT OF THE PICTURE PERMANENTLY. CONVENTIONAL BOMBERS ARE NO GOOD AGAINST HARDENED SILOS.
HMM, ROUGH TERRAIN. HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET US IN?
WATCH WHERE YO' DRIVIN', YA DAD-GUM IDJIT!
DEATHKILLER, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOUR PILOT--CAPTAIN ELLIE MAE.
POWERFUL PLEASED T' MEETCHA, MR. DEATHKILLER AH HEERD ALL 'BOUT YO' ADVENTURES WITH 'TH' TEAM SUPREME.
NO WAY! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH THAT DITZY BROAD! FIND ANOTHER PILOT!
NIX, DEATHKILLER. CAPTAIN SCROGGINS IS OUR BEST NIGHT INSERTION PILOT*
ME AN' MY CREW'S LOOKIN' RIGHT FORWARD T' DROPPIN' YOU OFF JIST 'BOUT ANY PLACE Y'ALL WANNA GO!
*FILL IN YOUR OWN JOKE GUYS--ED

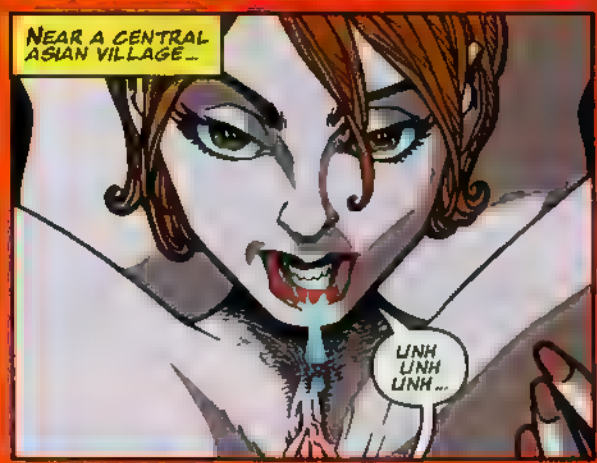

36 HOURS LATER...
DAMN, SCROGGINS-- WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO FLY?
MY COUSIN LOTHAR, TH' ARKANNY CROP DUSTER, LEARNED ME T' FLY WHEN AH WEREN'T NO BIGGER THAN KNEE HIGH T' A JUNE BUG.
WE JIST CROST INNA POTEMKIN'S TERRITORY. HOW'S YO' SQUAD HOLDIN' UP?
JUST FLY. I'LL WORRY ABOUT MY SQUAD.
GOT ANY MORE AIR-SICK BAGS? VODKA'S BLOWING CHOW SOMETHING FIERCE AND EVEN SPIKE'S LOOKING KINDA GREEN.
POTEMKIN'S DACHA...
SO WHEN ARE YOU GETTING ME A NEW PLACE?
MY SON THE BIG GENERAL. TOO IMPORTANT TO SEE HIS POOR MOTHER ENJOYS ANY COMFORTS.
PLEASE, MAMA, I'M TRYING--
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GENERAL...?
I-I-INTRUDER AIRCRAFT REPORTED, SIR!
YOU NEVER STAY HOME WITH YOUR POOR MOTHER!
WHEW!
FORCE IT DOWN, DON'T BLOW IT FROM THE SKY.
THAT WILL KEEP ME AWAY ALL NIGHT WHILE WE HUNT FOR SURVIVORS!
BANDITS! SIX O'CLOCK HIGH, SCROGGINS!
Y'ALL DISCOURAGE 'EM, DEATHKILLER, WHILST AH TRY T' OUT MANEUVER 'EM!
CRAWLIN' ALL OVER US JIST LIKE CHIGGERS ONNA HOUND DAWG!

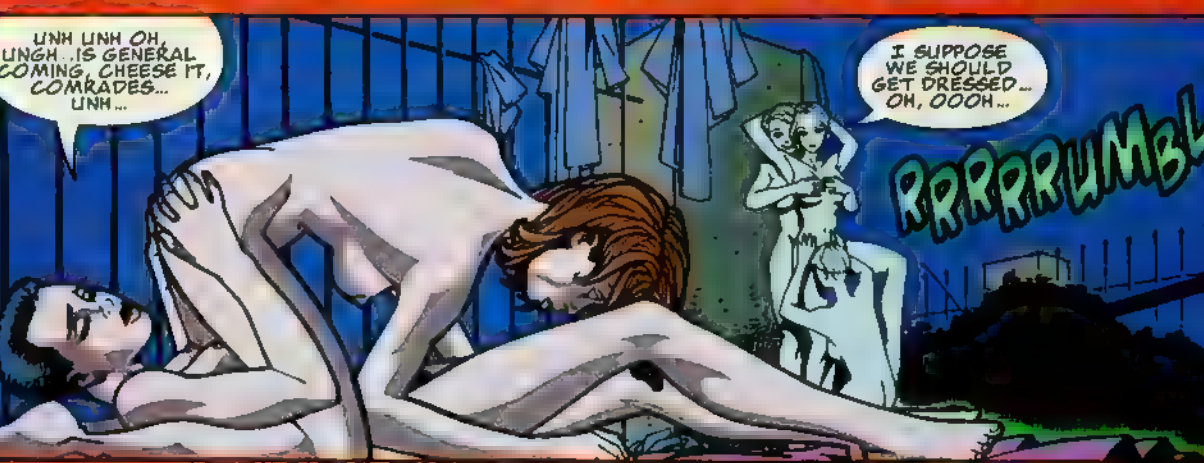
IS FUTILE, DEATHKILLER. OUR GUNS TOO SMALL TO BE HARMING ADVANCED MIG FIGHTERS!
THOSE PILOTS MUST'VE BEEN TAUGHT BY AFRICANS. DID YOU KNOW AN AFRICAN INVENTED DOG FIGHTING?
SHUT UP AND SHOOT, BOTH OF YOU!
JESUS H. CHRIST ON A POGO STICK!
AIEEEEE URK!
WE ARE DOOMED. IS MORE FIGHTERS COMING OUR WAY.
BRATATATATATATAT!
SQUAD-- PUT ON YOUR CHUTES AND JUMP!
IF Y'ALL KEEP YO' BRITCHES ON, DEATHKILLER, AH THINK AH KIN DODGE THEM RAT BASTIDS.
PULL UP! PULL UP!
YEE-HAW!
THE TEAM SUPREME'S LOOKING MORE ATTRACTIVE ALL THE TIME...
LENIN'S BEARD!
AIEEEEE!
ELIJAH MUHHAMED BE PRAISED!
O GOD OF ISRAEL AND MY FATHERS-- HELP!
BUDDHA LOOK AFTER ME!


DA-YAMN! AH GOTS T' TRY THAT AGIN SOMETIME!
OUT! OUT! GO GO GO!

BLAM-BOOOOM!
MOVE IT, MOVE IT-- SHE'S GONNA BLO--

SHEE-YUT! AH HATES WHEN THAT HAPPENS...
NONE OF YOU THOUGHT TO GRAB SOME FOOD, SOME AMMO, MAYBE A RADIO... NUTHIN'? THAT'S IT-- WE'RE OUT OF OPTIONS--MISSION ABORTED!

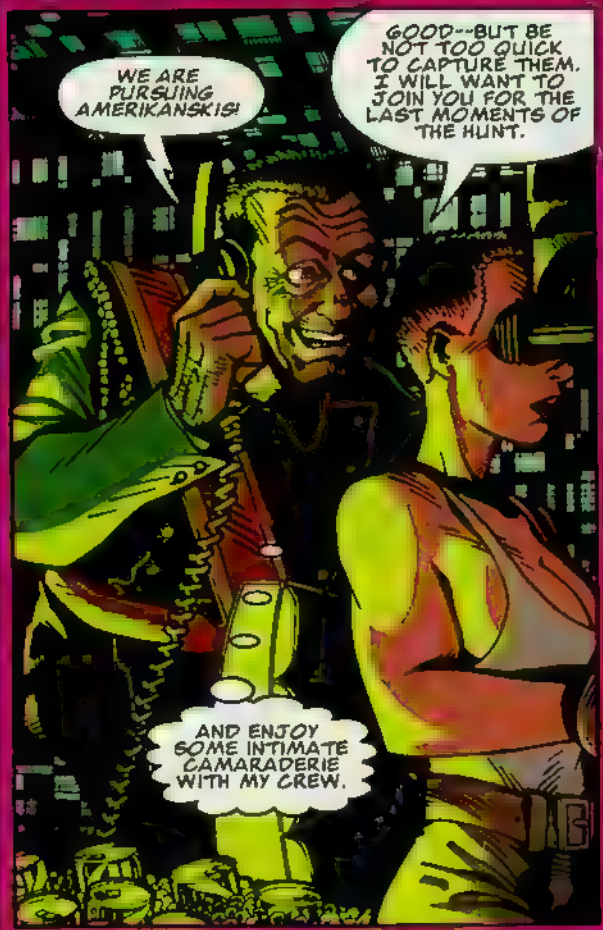

NEAR A CENTRAL ASIAN VILLAGE...
UNH UNH UNH...


UNH UNH OH, UNGH...IS GENERAL COMING, CHEESE IT, COMRADES... UNH...
I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD GET DRESSED... OH, OOOH...
RRRRRUMBLE

-SLURP-DA, WE SHOULD PUT SOMETHING ON... OR THAT PIG WILL WANT ONE OF US...

MY BEAUTIFUL LADIES... ATTENTION!

I WILL PERSONALLY CONDUCT THE SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS.
ANYTHING TO KEEP AWAY FROM ÷SHUDDER÷ MOTHER...
AH LOST TWO GOOD MEN GITTIN' Y'ALL HERE!
CAN'T BE HELPED. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN COMPLETE THE MISSION.
Y'ALL CAIN'T BACK OUT! WE'S JIST A DOG TROT OVER FROM WHERE THEY'S KEEPIN' TH' MISSILES!
÷HALT!÷
YO! CHECK IT OUT! UNFRIENDLIES ABOVE US!
AIEEEE!
THEY GOTS DAWGS UP THERE, DEATHKILLER! AH GOTS AN IDEER T'LURE 'EM AWAY FROM YORE SQUAD!
HEAD FOR HER EXTRACTION POINT! I'LL COVER YA!


WE ARE PURSUING AMERIKANSKIS!
GOOD--BUT BE NOT TOO QUICK TO CAPTURE THEM. I WILL WANT TO JOIN YOU FOR THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE HUNT.
AND ENJOY SOME INTIMATE CAMARADERIE WITH MY CREW.

WHAT THE HELL?
WE GOTS T' MAKE SURE THEM DAWGS TRACK US SO'S OUR SQUAD KIN HIGH-TAIL HIT T' SAFETY.
AH'S FIXIN TO LEAVE A DRAG TRAIL FER 'EM TO FOLLER!

THEY LOST US!
DAMN! GUESS THERE AIN'T NO OPTION BUT T' LEAVE A NEW DRAG TRAIL

DAMN! OUTTA AMMO!
Y'KNOW YOU COULD OFFER TO LEAVE A DRAG TRAIL YO'SELF.
NO WAY SISTER. THIS IS ALL YOUR IDEA!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, VODKA?
IS BAD. GROUND SUPPORT AIRCRAFT HEADING IN LAST DIRECTION WE SAW DEATHKILLER AND PILOT.
THEY'RE GORNISHED. LET'S GO.

THEY'RE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE US! WE'RE GONNA WAIT FOR THEM UNTIL THE DEADLINE RUNS OUT!
SUPPOSE POTEMKIN COMES LOOKING FOR US?
NYET. I KNOW POTEMKIN. HE WILL NOT SPLIT HIS FORCES.

I HAVE TWO FRIENDS WHO CAN PERSUADE YOU TO STAY...
I'M KOSHER. I AVOID DAIRY PRODUCTS.
NOW, CHUTZPAH, I DIG SOUL FOOD MYSELF--
--BUT THAT'S NO REASON WE CAN'T ENJOY A LITTLE SWEET AND SOUR!

MEET MY FRIENDS: MR. SMITH AND MR. WESSON.
NOW, WHO'S STAYING WITH ME UNTIL DEATHKILLER AND ELLIE MAE'S TIME RUNS OUT?
ME!
ME TOO!

SCROGGINS, YOU GOD DAMN IDIOT--
YOU LED US STRAIGHT TO THE MOTHER-FUCKING SILOS!
THAT'S WHAT AH WUZ AIMIN' FER. IFFEN WE'RE GONNA DIE, MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THEM SUCKERS OUT!
WITH WHAT? BAD INTENTIONS?
FLIGHT LEADER VOLKSTANYA HERE! WE HAVE SPOTTED THE AMERIKANSKIS ON A LEDGE ABOVE THE SILOS!
GOOD! WAIT UNTIL I ILLUMINATE THE TARGET THEN STRAFE THEM!
SHIT WE'RE DONE FOR! GIMME YOUR GUN--I'M GONNA SHOOT OUT THAT SEARCHLIGHT!
NO KIN DO! AH ONLY GOTS ONE BULLET LEFT!
THE AMERIKANSKI... SHE'S...BEAUTIFUL...
NEVER BEFORE AM I FEELING SUCH EMOTION!
WINGMEN FOLLOW ME ON STRAFING RUN. SHALL WE FIRE, GENERAL POTEMKIN?
DON'T ARGUE! I NEED THAT GUN!
WAL, YA SHOULDA THUNK 'BOUT THAT 'FORE YA SHOT OFF ALL YO' OWN AMMO!
GENERAL--SHALL WE FIRE?

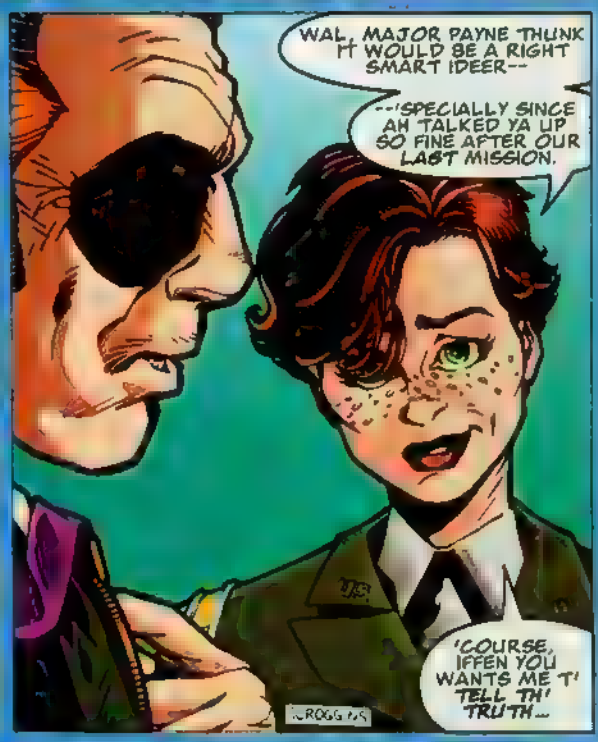
YIKES!
DAD-GUM IT! AH WUZ SAVIN' THAT BULLET!
BHING!
PING!
FLIGHT LEADER? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
SMACK!
-URK!-
LUCKY!
FLIGHT LEADER--WE ARE OVER SHOOTING THE TARGET!
ARRGH! THAT SEARCHLIGHT IS BLINDING US!
LOOK OUT! THE DAM!
BA-BOOOOM!
AIEEEE!
WHYN'T Y' ALL SAY YOU COULD SHOOT LIKE THAT, SUGAH!
I'M NEVER QUITE SURE WHEN I CAN DO THOSE TRICK SHOTS...
...WELL, AH'LM SURE YOU GOT A FEW TRICKS UP THAT BIG 'OLE SLEEVE A'YORES...

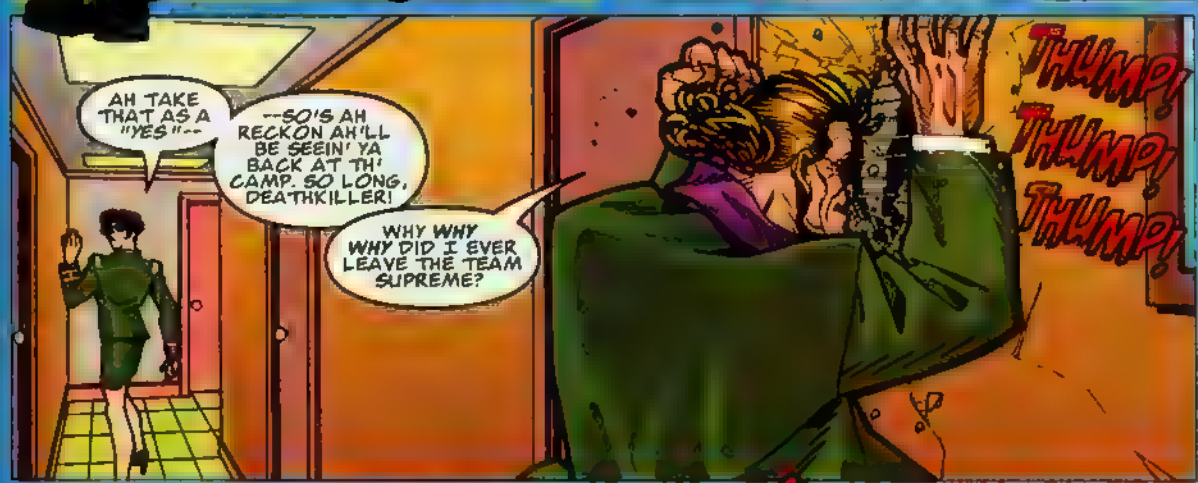
DON'T Y'ALL THANK THIS IS A LITTLE EXCITIN', DEATHIE-HONEY...
CAPTAIN...UH, SCROGGINS...!
MAKE THAT, "ELLIE" 'CAUSE Y'ALL ARE IN FOR SOME HUMPIN' HOUND DOG ACTION, SUGAH!
WELL, HOW DO, MR. COCK-AND-A-HALF, SIR? MMM,MMM, I AM PLEASED TO MEAT'CHA!
EL-LLLL-IE MAY!
OH, DEATHIE... MMM-RUK! GRRK!
DEATHIE, Y'ALL AS HARD AS COLLEGE CALCULUS, HONEY...GIT ON DOWN HERE...
ELLIE MAY... WHATEVER ELSE YOU ARE...YOU GIVE GREAT HEAD...
SHUCKS, YOU SILVER-TOUNGED DEVIL-- AH'M GONNA BLUSH...

OH AH YEE-HAW
WHOAH... UH YASSUH, JEEZ, OH...
YOU ARE THE TIGHTEST CAPTAIN IT'S BEEN MY PLEAS--OOOH!
AH, SHIT! IF YOU DON'T LET GO... I'M GONNA LET LOOSE...OH!
UGH... SEEIN' AS "HOW I'VE COME TEN TIMES ALREADY...UNH... C'MERE YAH BIG LUG...
GLAG URK...!!
YEAH, YEAH YEAH HAH HAH!!
KIND'A NICE HERE, BY THE FIRE...
I ACTIVATED THE DISTRESS BEACON, WE'LL BE PICKED UP IN ABOUT 30 MINUTES.
WHY'N'T YAH SAY SO BA'FORE? I'M GITTIN' BACK ON FOR TWENS-IES!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
--FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY, ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, YOU HAVE HERE BY BEEN AWARDED THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR--
--WITH OAK LEAF CLUSTER!

RIGHT PURTY MEDAL YA GOT THERE, DEATHKILLER
BUT AH'S SURE WE'LL ALL WIN A PASSEL MO' ON OUR NEXT MISSION.
"OUR" NEXT MISSION? I THINK NOT, SCROGGINS. I DON'T WANT YOU ANYWHERE NEAR MY SQUAD!


WAL, MAJOR PAYNE THUNK IT WOULD BE A RIGHT SMART IDEER--
--'SPECIALLY SINCE AH TALKED YA UP SO FINE AFTER OUR LAST MISSION.
'COURSE, IFFEN YOU WANTS ME T' TELL TH' TRUTH...


AH TAKE THAT AS A "YES"--
--SO'S AH RECKON AH'LL BE SEEIN' YA BACK AT TH' CAMP. SO LONG, DEATHKILLER!
WHY WHY WHY DID I EVER LEAVE THE TEAM SUPREME?
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!

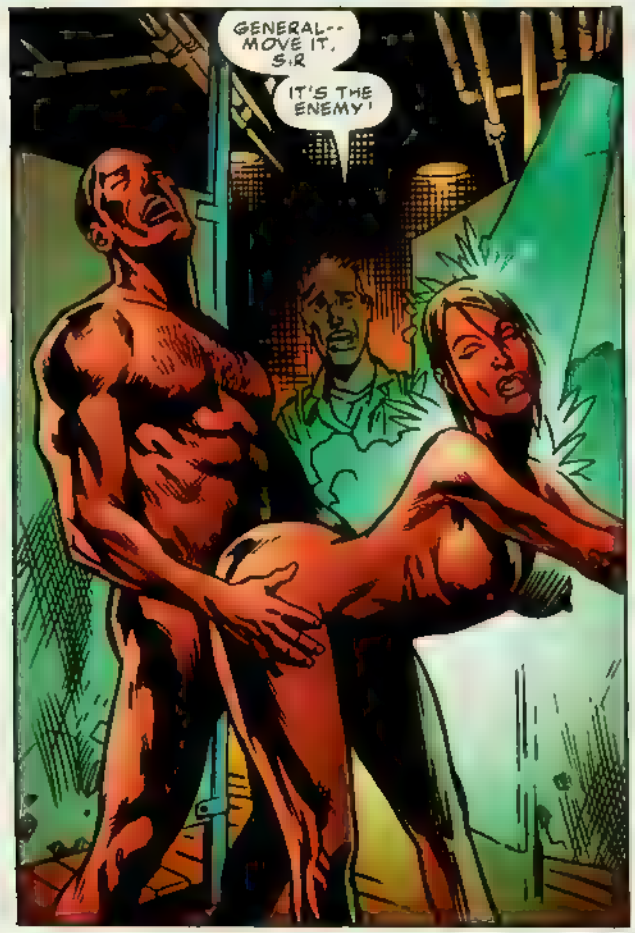
THE END.

THE PUSSY PANZERS

CJ HENDERSON - STORY
ANDREW ROBINSON - PENCILS
JIM ROYAL - INKS
BAD@$$ - COLOR
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS - LETTERS

ATTENTION, SOLDIER-- WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?
IT'S A FUCKIN' WAR, YOU LARD-ASSED MORON!

LET'S GO, YOU HEROES!
YEAH? COOL!
DIG IT!


GENERAL-- MOVE IT, SIR
IT'S THE ENEMY!

THE ENEMY? YOU SHITTIN' ME BOY?
YOU GOTTA BE-- I CAME HERE FOR PUSSY NOT TO GET SHOT AT
I'M NOT DYIN' OUT HERE NOT ME.. NOT ME!

BAMM!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR
THEY GOT THE GENERAL.

THE MAJOR AND THE COLONEL BOUGHT IT, TOO
THAT MAKES YOU THE HIGHEST RANKING OFFICER HERE, CAPTAIN.

WHAT'RE YOUR ORDERS, SIR?
MY ORDERS?
WHAT THE GODDAMN HELL DO YOU THINK THEY ARE?!

KILL THE MOTHER FUCKERS!

WHA-WHOOOO, YOU WHORERS!
BUCKA-BAMM BUCKA-BAMM
POWPOWPOW
BUCKABUCKABUCKABUCKABUCKA
ARGHHHH
H-EEEEEEEE
THUNK THUNK
THUNK
THAT'S IT!

YEAH!
WOOK!
SMOOCH!
GAHAAAACK!
(HUBBA HUBBA)
(WHAT MANNER OF ENEMY IS THIS?)
NOW-- FIRE!
AYE-EEEEE!
(RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!)
(OUR FORCES ARE IN RETREAT, SIR.)

ALERT THE SCUD CREWS... LAUNCH ALL MISSILES...
NOW!

(SIGHT THE COORDINATES.)

OHHHHHHHH

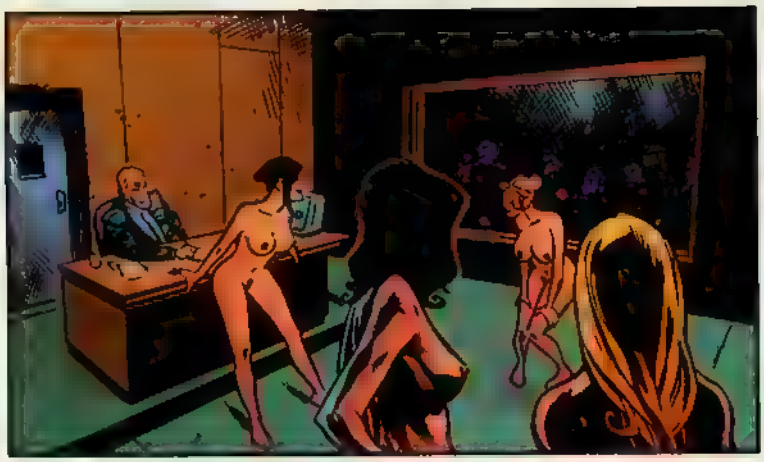
OH, OH, OH.
UM-HUMMM... ZERO .ZERO... ZERO...
(FIRING.)

KLIK

WHHOOOSH!

EEEEEEEEEE

KA-DAKA-WHATA-BOOM!



"SCOTTIE WAS LOADED DOWN WITH MEDALS AND SENT BACK TO THE WORLD...

"TO A NEW JOB AT THE PENTAGON

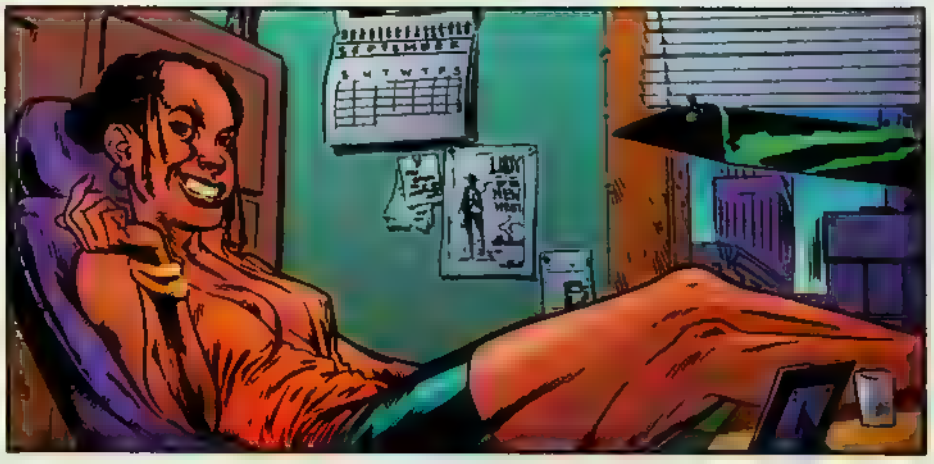
"TESTING THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE BARE ASSED AND WILLING MANEUVER ON OTHER POTENTIAL THIRD WORLD-TYPE TROUBLEMAKERS.

"I HEAR THAT AFTER THE DIVORCE, SCOTTIE'S EX ENDED UP AS A DISHWASHER IN A GREEK DINER ON THE ALABAMA INTERSTATE...

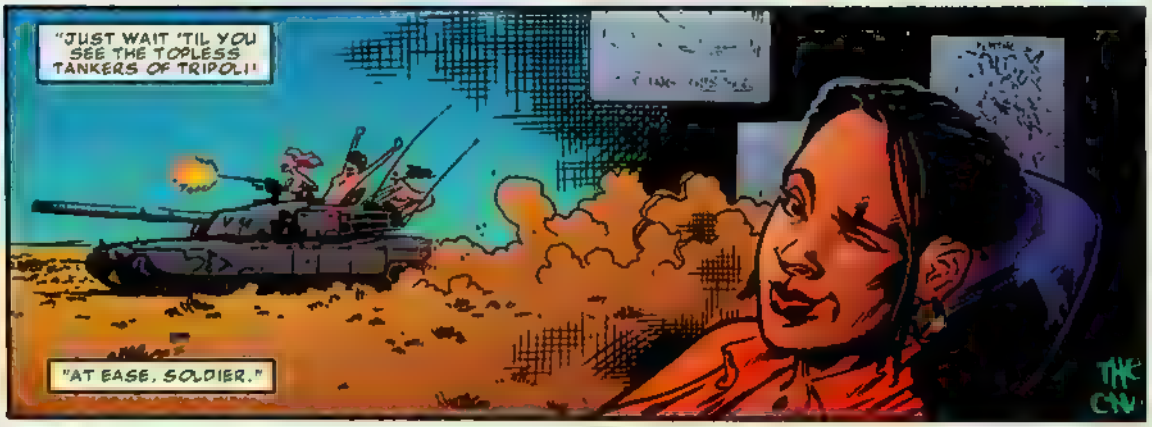
"DOING TRUCKERS FOR DOLLAR TIPS IN BETWEEN MEAL RUSHES

"AND ME ...?

"I GOT A JOB AT PENTHOUSE COM X WRITING UP THIS AND OTHER TRUE TALES OF OUR ARMED FORCES' VIOLENT VIXENS

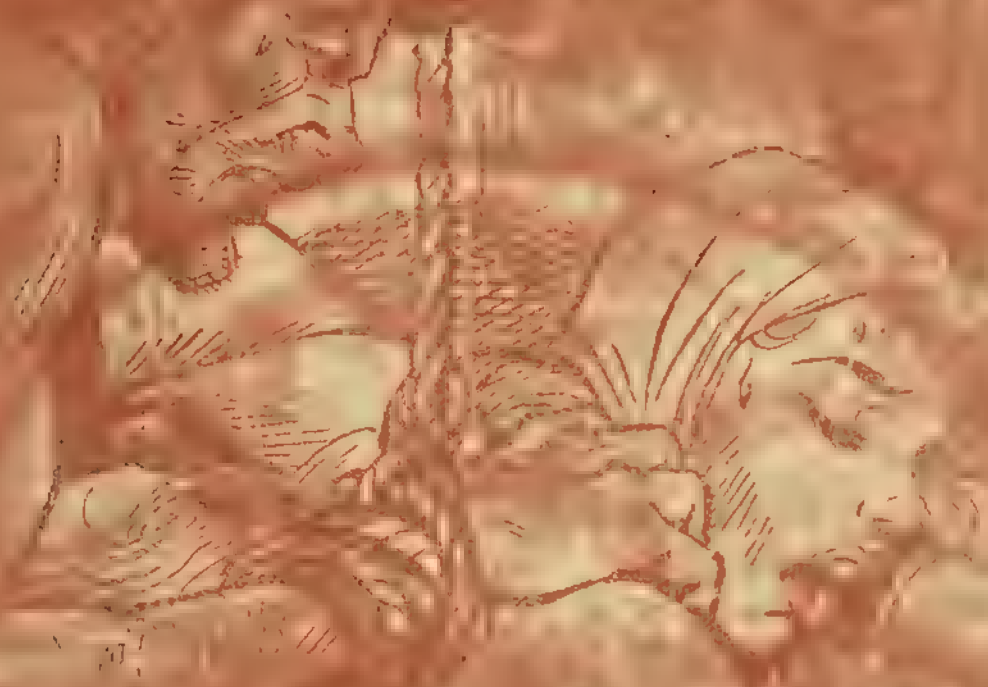


"YOU THINK I'M KIDDING?



THE EN

THIS ISSUE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO DAN BARRY 1925-1997



When Dan Barry was born, the world was a simpler, smaller place. After the usual apprenticeship to working in the comic field, being a lumberjack, a boxer and a carney roustabout, Dan found himself doing work on the Tarzan dailies. Not long after that, he was chief cook and bottle washer on the Flash Gordon dailies. The rest is strip art history.

If a tough, New York City kid and wiry physical culturist was the ideal specimen to do an action strip set in interplanetary space, none better than Dan Barry could be found. His 30+ years doing Flash Gordon will stand as a record. The work will take its place as a high-water mark for future storytellers to measure up against. Few people know the unrelenting schedule that must be kept for dailies and Sundays, but Dan managed to do it in style from the back of a studio built into a station wagon, all the while touring Europe. On occasion, he and his buddy, science-fiction legend Harry Harrison, would get together for a weekend of fine liquor and cigars and plot a years' worth of strips in ten minutes. Sounds like fun. He managed to mix his love for studying fine art with mountain climbing, skiing, scuba diving and even worked in teaching and lecturing. Sounds like more fun.

Dan was one hysterically cantankerous man. Sharp, worldly and witty, he could be abrupt and precise in his skewering of just about anything. He could be generous with his praise and time. Either way, you found yourself laughing out loud — always with him.

We all enjoyed his professionalism and his ability to work with all us whippersnappers. We mostly just enjoyed talking to him. His historical asides hinted at about three or four lifetimes of travel and adventure. The work he did for us here at Penthouse and (the late) Men's Adventure Comix gives us a glimpse through a window in time of another era. Not just a time of real art, funny characters and good stories... but a time when we knew Dale would be vulnerable yet strong, Ming and his hordes would fail by their own evilness and Flash would win in the end... Earth would be safe at last.

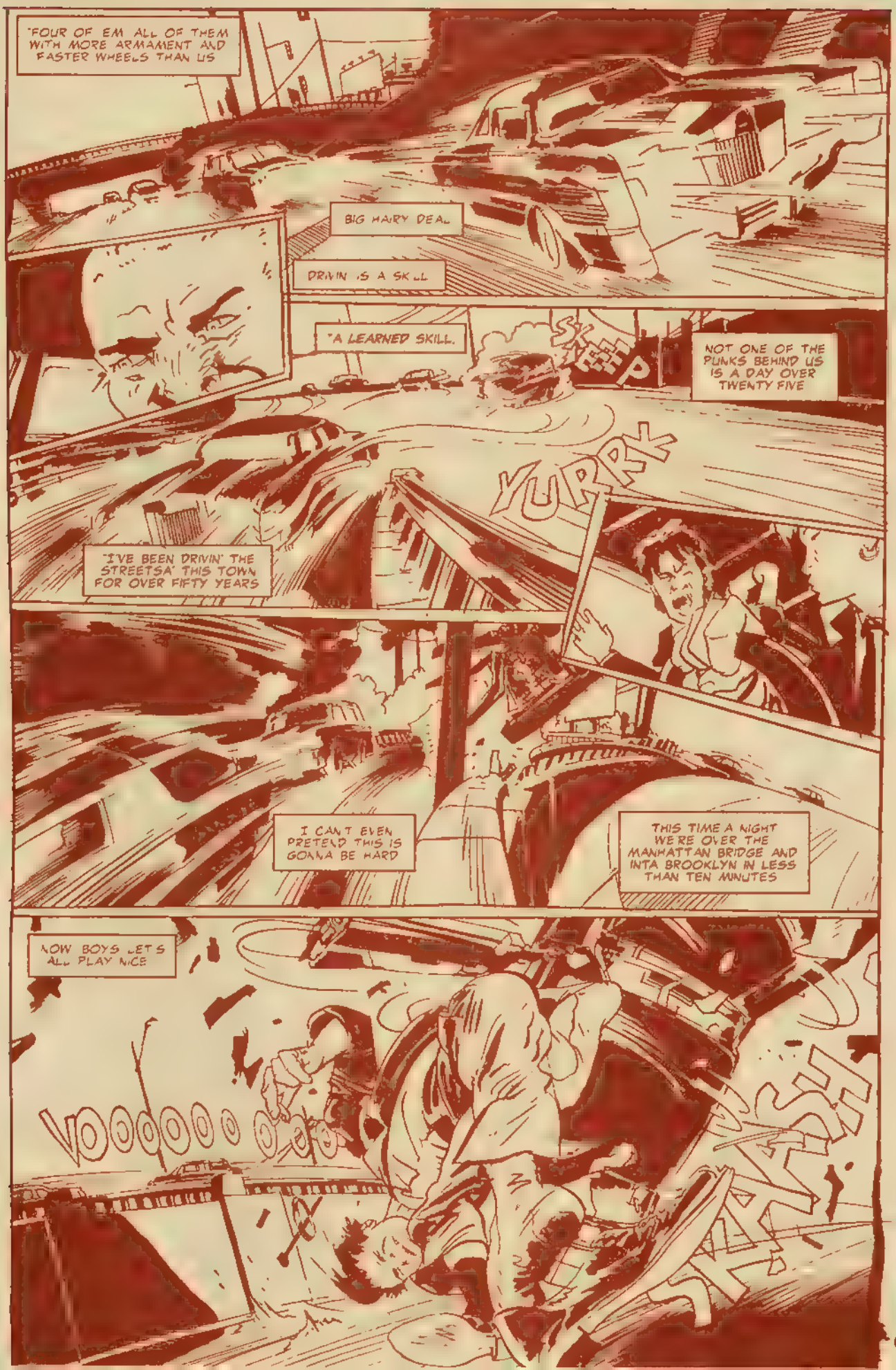
Now who will save us?

For quite a while, Dan made the world a bigger, grander place. The world is suddenly much smaller again.

KODIAK

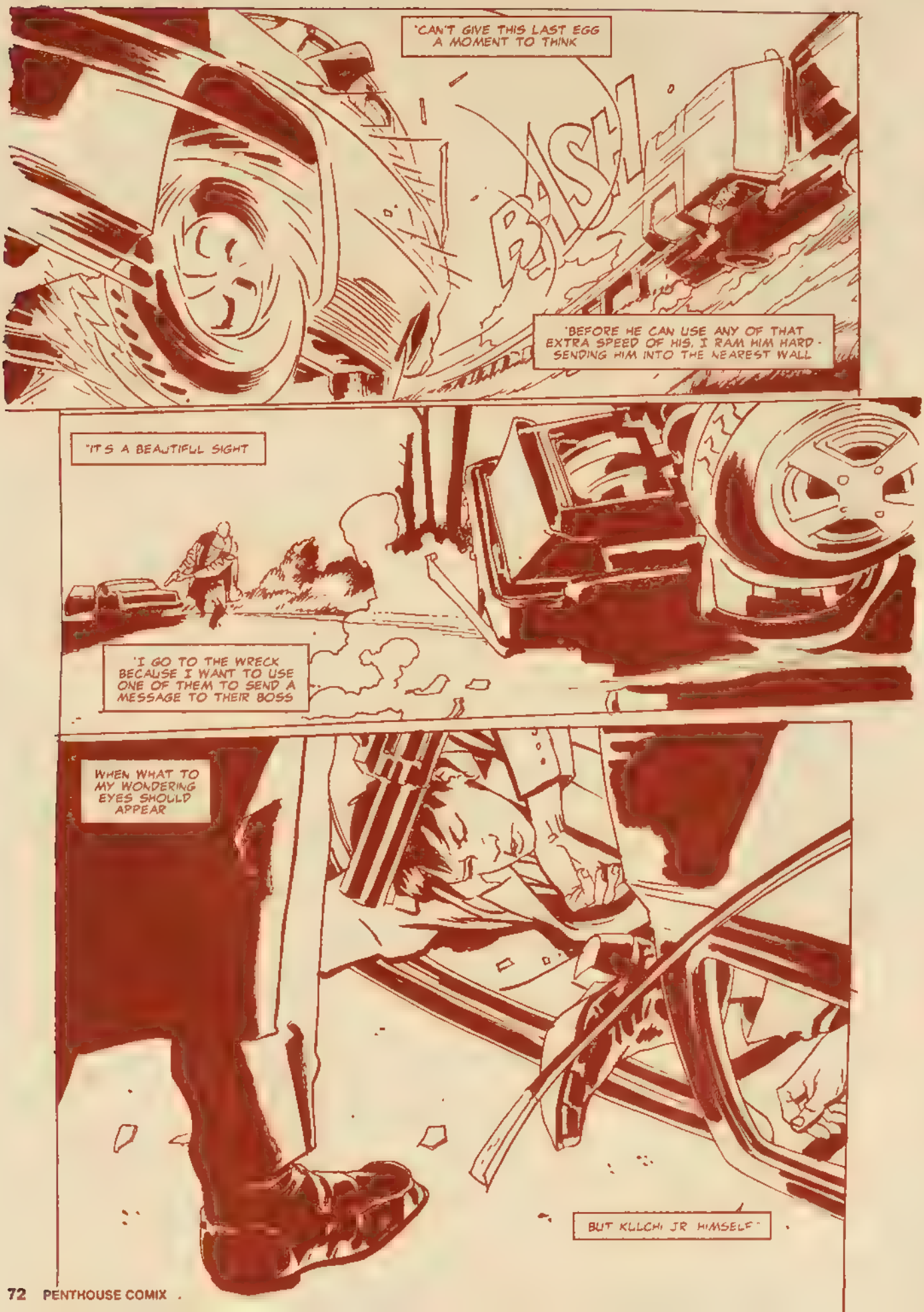
"THE DAMES HAD BEEN SQUAWKIN' AT ME ALL WEEK TO GET SI'E LU BACK
TO GIVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE.
"BUT··BEIN WOMEN··ALL THEY DID WAS TELL ME WHAT A SHIT I WAS FOR ENFORCIN' THE RULES THAT KEEP US ALL SAFE
"I WAS RIGHT TO DO WHAT I DID
AND SHE WAS WRONG
CASE CLOSED
BUT HAVIN TO MOVE OUT OF THE CLUB THAT'S ONE THING
GETTIN' SOLD OFF TO A PUSS-BUCKET LIKE KULCHI BECAUSE OF IT... THAT'S ANOTHER
"MAYBE I HAD STARTED THINKIN' OF MYSELF AS GOD AND KARL'S AS EDEN
MAYBE SI'E LU AND ME HAD SOMETHIN IN COMMON
MAYBE BOTH OF US HAD BEEN PLAYIN THINGS THE EASY WAY
"INSTEAD OF THE RIGHT WAY

SIE LU. RUN!
NOW WE BOTH GET TO DO THINGS THE HARD WAY
PING
KODIAK!
LET'S GO!
<KILL THEM!>
<LOOK OUT!>
CRAZY BASTARDS!
SSSSSSSS
FOOF
BOOM!


"FOUR OF EM ALL OF THEM WITH MORE ARMAMENT AND FASTER WHEELS THAN US
BIG HAIRY DEAL
DRIVIN IS A SKILL
"A LEARNED SKILL.
NOT ONE OF THE PUNKS BEHIND US IS A DAY OVER TWENTY FIVE
YURRK
"I'VE BEEN DRIVIN' THE STREETSA' THIS TOWN FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
I CAN'T EVEN PRETEND THIS IS GONNA BE HARD
THIS TIME A NIGHT WE'RE OVER THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE AND INTA BROOKLYN IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES
NOW BOYS LET'S ALL PLAY NICE
VOOOOOO
SMASH

KEEPIN AHEAD A THESE MULES IS EASY
"THEY RE TOO STUPID TO WORK AS A TEAM.
SKEEEEEP
"THEY RE SLOWIN THEMSELVES DOWN MORE THAN ANY TRICKS I COULD PULL ON THEM.
WELL THEN AGAIN
AHH THAT'S ONE

SKREE
SEEIN SOME OF THEIR GROUP GO DOWN HAS MADE MY LITTLE PLAYMATES MAD
WHICH IS GREAT
SKABASH
'MAD PEOPLE DON'T THINK THEY ONLY REACT
'AND USUALLY THEY DON'T REACT FAST ENOUGH


"CAN'T GIVE THIS LAST EGG A MOMENT TO THINK
BASH
"BEFORE HE CAN USE ANY OF THAT EXTRA SPEED OF HIS, I RAM HIM HARD - SENDING HIM INTO THE NEAREST WALL
"IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
"I GO TO THE WRECK BECAUSE I WANT TO USE ONE OF THEM TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THEIR BOSS
WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING EYES SHOULD APPEAR
BUT KULCHI JR HIMSELF"

HEY TOUGH GUY
WAKE UP
NOW YOU LISTEN TO
I'VE GOT PLENTY TO SAY TO HIM BUT BEFORE I CAN
BUHWHUMP
A MINOR DISTRACTION CATCHES OUR ATTENTION
AND SUDDENLY WE HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY TO EACH OTHER

"KULCHI KNEW I'D SAVED HIS LIFE
"FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, IT WAS OVER BETWEEN US

"WHICH MEANS ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SQUARE THINGS BETWEEN ME AND SI'E LU AND EVERYONE ELSE THAT WORKS FOR ME

"I TRY TO MAKE IT EASY AFTER A BIT OF A LECTURE I TELL SI'E LU THAT HERS IS THE FIRST AND ONLY SECOND CHANCE I EVER PLAN TO GIVE OUT

"I ALSO TELL HER THAT IF SHE THINKS ONE LITTLE KISS IS GOING TO SQUARE THINGS BETWEEN US THAT SHE IS SADLY MISTAKEN

I RISKED BULLETS FOR HER ASS HEALING FACTOR OR NOT THAT SHIT HURTS
BESIDES I'M A BIG GUY I'M ALSO AN OLD GUY I'VE GOT NEEDS UNLIKE ANYONE ELSE ON THE PLANET
NEEDS I INTEND FOR HER TO TAKE CARE OF EVEN IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT.
HEY A LITTLE LOWER
OH YEAH OH YEAH... THAT'S THE SPOT.

'THAT'S IT.'
THE END.

RAPP MURDER

Written by
Eliot R. Brown
Illustrations by
Moebius

PART 2

It was much later that night. Frenchie and I were trying for an endurance record. Not that I minded, the girl could fuck. She was posting up and down on me like a fresh jockey at Hialeah and this had to be her second hour. I was amazed at the girl but despite my surroundings, I was feeling worse than ever. I really should have been getting every last detail out of her about Larry's last hours on earth instead of fucking her like a schoolboy. On the other hand, her rotating hips were bringing me to the edge for the fourth time in a long afternoon.

She smiled at my change in grunting, got off me and motioned for me to hang onto the headboard. Once again, she went for her patented method of using her face as a come-catcher. She jerked me off with that truly expert grip and then did something that really surprised me.

She took my cock head in her mouth and savagely jacked the length of it around her fist. I started going from wood-hard to rock-hard. She quickly but gently shoved my straining cockend down her throat. The extra-tight circle of muscles or whatever was there was all it took. I started spasming another hot load somewhere deep in her neck. Her hot lips were tight around the root and I could see tears squeezed from her eyes at this effort. I may have indicated that I was kinda' big in the dick department, but I never would've guessed that anyone could do what she did with my nine-inch joint.

She hastily pulled off, gasped and cleared her throat. A thick strand of come hung between her lips and my rod. She was idly playing with my balls and licking at the end of my dick. She cleared her throat a few times more. She was something, okay. I could see a mix of our sauces dripping from her snatch to the bed. Christ.

"Freddie," she spoke with a slightly huskier voice. "Freddie, I guess we have to talk about Larry." My cock was finally limp in her grip. It hung over her knuckles and was leaking down her wrist. "Start anywhere, baby." I suggested, making myself comfortable.

> Once again, she went for her patented method of using her face as a come-catcher.

It seems Larry had been a very busy fellow in his off-hours. Frenchie built up a confused impression of a man with about three jobs. Not including the one I thought he had in partnership with me. They seemed to include the jewelry trade, interstate trucking and overseas imports. That last was a surprise. Larry hated foreigners. At least he had in front of me.

We were interrupted by a discreet knocking at the outer door. Frenchie said she knew the knock and jumped up to grab a robe. I could hear the rattle of crockery being rolled in. There was a couple of whispered exchanges. In case of trouble, I quietly moved to the door and could see Frenchie talking to a room service waiter. Frenchie rolled the food in. I flipped the light on. She smiled easily at me. I smiled back. "We eat!"

She laughed. She must have asked for the Fuck Fest platter. It was probably what was left over in the kitchen. There was beer, wine and a pot of coffee. Brisket sandwiches, some fancy spaghetti dish and even a few oysters. There were pastries and a whole Boston Cream pie.

She would've manhandled me into another go 'round if I hadn't steered the conversation back to Larry and his final hours. Larry had been expecting an important package that was arriving early next morning. I noted that it was about midnight right then. Frenchie didn't know what was in the package, but Larry cared a lot about it. He'd gotten extra guns.

When Larry and I had been cops, we knew as sure as anything else about the job; when you have a gun, it tends to get used. It wasn't like Larry to carry extra guns. On the other hand, I was getting a picture of a Larry I didn't recognize.

I let her go on, mostly keeping quiet. There wasn't much more. The package was arriving at 6am over in Jersey. I wanted to know where in Jersey. She didn't know where, but did know the name of the shipping company. Hindenburg. Shit.

The Hindenburg was neither a shipping company nor good news. I'd been picturing a nice, familiar trucking firm. The Hindenburg was a really big airship that touched down in Lakehurst. One of those flying balloons filled with a lighter-than-air gas. It was also a symbol of some unpopular people in Germany, the Nazis. Brainy types said we'd be in a war soon, but I knew America wouldn't get involved in the politics of another country.

Now Larry had gotten involved with someone in Germany who travelled in style. But there was still the locker in the less stylish bus depot. Frenchie and I got dressed and out of the hotel by various back doors. Frenchie was saying good-byes to a lot of people. By the time we got to the East Side Bus Terminal it was 2:30am.

That part of town was pretty quiet that time of the morning. The usual sailors, winos and bus drivers were all there. And us. I'd parked my old Ford a block down First Avenue and we made our way into the Terminal. It was fairly gloomy inside but it was easy enough to find the particular locker. I was looking around a good deal, but no one showed any increased interest in our activity. Frenchie and I pulled out a small bundle wrapped in brown paper and twine from the locker. We waited till we got back to my car to open it.

I was only mildly surprised to find another radio inside. It looked a lot like the ones I'd gotten out of Larry's place. But this one had an antennae. I hadn't noticed, but Frenchie yanked it out. It also worked. We got some music out of this one and a very loud ad for Bond's clothing store. By now it was 3am. I dug out an Esso road map and we headed off for Jersey.

The Naval Air Station at Lakehurst was alive at 5:30am when we rolled up. I parked over in a far corner of the lot. The press no longer paid so much attention and only a handful of newspaper guys and radio trucks were around. There were a couple of newsreel setups and of course, the guys were playing cards. There were a lot of sailors just hanging around — making a lot

of dough each additional hour. We nosed around to find that the weather was bad and there would be a hell of a delay. The airship would be at least a few hours late. I grabbed some coffee and donuts for Frenchie and me.

Frenchie was lost in thought at that news. I was surprised at her interest. She perked up after some food. We were both a little tired so we lowered the seat backs a bit and arranged our coats for some shut-eye.

I was awoken in the middle of an old-fashioned blow-job over the stick shift. Frenchie perfectly avoided smearing that bright red lipstick on my shirt and pants. We did some window-steaming and she jumped on to take advantage of the downed seat back. That one squeaky spring over the left rear tire was loud enough to wake the dead. Frenchie was clawing the ceiling and groaning in time with the spring. I lost track of how many times she came and I racked off a couple of good ones too.

By the time we settled down, it was about 3:00pm. We cleaned up and moseyed out for some chow and news. There was even worse weather over Jersey. Frenchie went off to get the food for us. I crashed a card game with the newshounds. The word was it would be more hours before the Hindenburg would land.

I caught sight of Frenchie scampering around with a couple of sailors. They were pointing stuff out to her on the gigantic mooring mast. I wouldn't put it past her to fuck those two squids silly. With a sigh, I got back to the poker game. I was even ahead.

I was surprised when the Hindenburg came drifting up. The guys had told me that it wasn't landing because of the wind. It was around 4pm and it had rained not too long before. I was getting bored by cards. Frenchie had brought some food by for me and even some for the guys. Then she drifted off.

Frenchie had said the guy we were expecting was a friend of Larry's. I used to think that any friend of Larry's was a friend of mine, but I couldn't really do that anymore. If this was some kind of German precious metal smuggling operation, I probably should have played it safe and called the cops. But I was thinking of dumb things like clearing Larry's name, perhaps mine too. Just being here might make me an accessory.

Then there was Frenchie. She might have more oomph than any five girls but I guess I also liked her. I wanted to keep her clear of any trouble that I didn't have in mind for her. I suppose all that was pretty arrogant of me. But, hell, I had just finished the payments on my suit of armor and horse.

My poker buddies were grimly playing cards through a quick downpour but suddenly they were newsboys again. The buzz was the Hindenburg was moving up from its joyride over Atlantic City and would be here any minute. Frenchie appeared with two halves of a ham sandwich and two beers. It was somewhere around 7pm. We were munching on food when the Hindenburg moved up from the south. It was big alright.

Frenchie dragged me off to the big group of sailors. These were the guys who were supposed to hang on the ropes from the airship. Their weight and leg power would maneuver the thing around. She produced two ground crew badges and pinned one on me. We mingled with the crowd as the building-sized shape floated overhead. I could see those big swastikas on the rudders. The squids near me were cursing at the wait, the weather and each other.

I was near the front of the ship. There was this big slob yelling at us to grab a rope. Until I could see people in the windows looking down at us, I had no idea how far up the thing was. Somebody up there was waving. It was probably not to us, but Frenchie was waving back anyway. Frenchie was way off to one side and looked like she was play-acting holding onto a rope. I looked at my watch, it was about 7:10. In the cloudy gloom I could just see Frenchie catch a small bag that slid down that pretend rope.

There was a lot of running to grab a couple of real ropes. Then there was a great silence. The engines had stopped. I admit I was a bit distracted from what Frenchie was doing. I caught sight of her running, saw her turn, look up and fumble in her purse. A big whoomph sound came from above. Ah, crap, I thought. This thing blew a gasket.

I looked up. Down the length of the ship there was a bright spark of light. I squinted real hard. That light was awfully fire-like. Then bang, all hell broke loose. Fire wasn't the half of it. The damn thing was falling on me. I started running. I didn't really have time to pick a direction. A big sailor ran into me and down I went. I had a nice view of the burning airship hitting the ground in front of me.

I was close enough to see the control room thing hit the ground and watch the ship's officers scramble to get clear. I had thrown my arms in front of my face. The heat was great enough to make an un-singed criss-cross pattern on my coat and face. I decided to keep moving. I stumbled to my feet amid the huge noise and crashing of junk. I headed for the open-steel framework of one of the mooring masts.

Someone was yelling at me. Unlike all the other yelling and screaming, I knew this voice. It was Frenchie. I was glad to see was okay. She was standing by one of the buildings on the funny, rotating steel framework.

"Oh, Freddie," she gasped, "you made it out of there." I ran to her. "How lucky of you." Then I saw the gun. It had a big round cylinder on the barrel. I guessed it was a silencer. I'd never seen one before. My hands automatically lifted to either side.

"Frenchie, what the hell?" Then, what I'd assumed was a pile of rags on the ground rolled over and looked at me. A smoke-stained face gave me an uneven grin. "Hello, Larry. So you are the young man who has been of such help to my wife?" The accent was German and thick. I looked at Frenchie. I wasn't always picky about my women, but if told, I tried to avoid the married ones. I guess I hadn't tried hard enough this time.

Frenchie got me to clean him up and help him to walk back to my car. Apparently Fritz, that was his name, had been on the Hindenburg. When the ship went up, he was far forward and simply stepped out of the ship as that end almost gently touched down. Still, the back of his trench coat had been burned away.

I loaned Fritz my trench coat. I also hadn't bothered to correct his impression of who I was. I thought that might keep me alive longer. Frenchie seemed to have her own ideas about what we were doing. She was keeping her distance from me. And Fritz, too, I noticed. They said very little to each other.

Nobody was paying too much attention to us as we made our way off the field. I was disappointed in the local cops. The Navy seemed easily distracted by a simple gigantic explosion. We just walked off. Sure, there were a hell of a lot of people running all over the place, a lot of ambulances and even fire engines. I couldn't really enjoy the show as I had this gun at my back.

We rolled out of the parking lot and past all the activity. Frenchie was in the back seat with a rock-steady grip on the pistol. She guided me back into Manhattan and down to the West Side docks. Fritz asked Frenchie a question in German. When Frenchie replied in perfect German, I didn't twitch. It made a sort of sense.

I had a minute to think while I was at the wheel. I couldn't shake the image of Frenchie with her hand in her purse, looking up at the gas bag and then hearing the explosion. And what I'd taken for play-acting with a wire, was shown to be all-too real as some kind of bag slid down into her arms.

Then it clicked. I wasn't supposed to be alive and

I could see that huge log sliding all the way out and then all the way in.

In the late evening, we shot into the city with no traffic problems. Frenchie directed me downtown and to the west side. We finally pulled into a big commercial building's courtyard and snugged ourselves into a very dark corner. We were on 19th Street somewhere near 7th Avenue. Frenchie tossed me some keys. I fumbled with them in the gloom, going through several to find the right one. We entered the building, with me helping Fritz.

We went past a beat-up office area and moved into a modest warehouse space. There were stacks of boxes around lots of metal shelving. Frenchie rummaged in a box and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. I watched carefully and noted that the gun in her hand never wavered from my chest. She tossed me the cuffs and told me to face outwards and hook myself up to a metal shelf upright.

Fritz was attacking a tin of sardines and a box of crackers. I could have used a couple. Frenchie poked around at my handiwork. She took the keys back. They were talking about something or other and I was doing my best to look around with all the innocence I could muster. I could see nothing in this dump that might be of any use.

"Frenchie," I started, not knowing really where to go, "where do the radios fit in?" If I kept her talking at least I wouldn't die of boredom. She moved around to a box and opened it up. Out came one of those damned radios.

"Oh, Larry," her voice now had a slight accent, "You Americans think you are invincible." She walked over to me and placed several radios at my feet. "I am in this country to make sure that you find out you are not." I looked over at Fritz. "He is my partner in all things."

"All?" I exclaimed. I wondered how she had explained how the bomb went off with him still on board. I was still willing to play Larry. But I was anxious about saying the wrong thing out of ignorance. "What are you going to do now?"

Frenchie moved closer. "I am not sure. I will blow this warehouse sky high. I am not sure you will be in it." She changed the subject by gently probing my groin with the side of the silencer. "You have proven to be a wonderful partner here in America." Damn me if my dick didn't start to heat up. Frenchie noticed it.

"I see you are as excited by being so close to danger as I." The silencer was poking at my hard-on through my pants and underwear. I squirmed. It was a gun poking at my vitals. I also wasn't used to performing in front of strangers. Fritz was downing a beer and looking on with a smile.

"She is quite something, don't you think?" Fritz finished the last of his beer and stood. "Lisa, or Frenchie, as you call her, is a consummate agent of the German Nationalist Party. But don't let that interfere with your fun... she is a 'hot piece of tail' —yes?" I nodded at him.

With one hand, she undid my belt and my pants hit the floor around my ankles. Up came my little traitor. Frenchie, or Lisa, slid the cool gun barrel under my half-hard shaft. She spoke to Fritz who came over and said something back to her. "That's not bad, Larry," he said. "But let me show what forms the bond between Lisa and I."

Almost cheerfully, he pulled open the fly of his pants and hauled out a very large penis. Lisa was holding on to my cock but was looking at his. He gave the fleshy shaft a few tugs and it straightened out to its full, amazing length. "Hah? What do you think? 32 centimeters." Lisa looked up at me. "More than 12 inches and a great, fat head." The head had swollen to the size of a baseball.

I'd tag-teamed women with other guys before. Being in the same room with a dick didn't upset me, even though I was usually the largest. But I'd never been in a situation like this before. Once again, I got the impression I was closing a deal. But which way? For me or Fritz?

Fritz moved around to Lisa's rear end, his huge stiff cock bobbing. She smiled up at me and slid her lips over the end of my cock. Her vigorous movements got me wood-hard in no time. Almost with relief, I could see her finger off the trigger and alongside the trigger guard. That was good, as she was stroking my balls with the silencer. It wouldn't do for her to get too excited with her finger on the trigger.

Fritz pulled up Lisa's skirts and petticoats. I saw him fondle her cunt. I felt her inhale around my dick. Fritz spoke lovingly to her ass in German. She took more of my meat in

Neither was Fritz. I wondered if he'd figured it out. He might simply be in a state of shock or denial. He had after all, stepped out from a 1,000-foot fireball. Customs was still dicey on the airship route and smuggling was easy if you were willing to take risks. Frenchie had snuck onto the field and snagged a bag of something or other to get around U.S. Customs. At a wild guess, the bomb was supposed to provide a diversion after Fritz disembarked and while they got off the field. I also guessed that. I must've been a stand-in for Larry. Larry would've provided the car and may or may not have been scheduled to die too.

That was the next puzzle piece for me. Was Larry a fall guy or had Frenchie intended a quickie divorce? Or both? Frenchie seemed like she could go through men like any dozen other women would go through salted peanuts. It was hard to figure the angles. Even Fritz was sleeping through it all. The only certain thing was Frenchie's gun at the back of my head.

her mouth. Fritz hauled up his heavy log with his free hand and showed me an awful lot of Lisa's cunt juice on his hand. He gave a laugh and savagely yanked at his straining, dark red head. With great deliberation, he brought the giant cock down and into position.

Lisa was rammed deep. I felt her whole body go thump. She paused with her mouth still tight on my dick. Fritz started slogging in and out of her with every inch he had. Lisa's ass was way up in the air and she was even up on her toes. I got some of the benefit of the slamming. I could see that huge log sliding all the way out and then all the way in. Lisa's mouth was keeping time around my cock.

I could feel a growing heat in my balls that masked the twitching coolness of the gun's silencer under them. I had gone to a lot of trouble to keep my cool up to this point. I had swiped the cuff key off the key ring and was now using it to quietly open one of the cuffs. I made some what I hoped were appropriate grunting noises. It sure is different when you're trying to act natural with a gun at your balls. I was hoping that she would try that special blow job move again.

Under other circumstances, this might've been one of the sexual highlights of my life. She inched further and further down on my shaft. I felt the shudders as Fritz's ramrod seated every few seconds. Then my hands were free.

I seized the back of Lisa's head and shoved the last inch into her face. At the same time, I got the silencer and twisted it away so that it pointed down. Lisa was strangling, without being able to get my dick out of her throat, she couldn't breathe. She struggled fiercely, but I had a good grip on her hair. Her finger found the trigger. The gun went 'chuff!'

Lisa's back erupted in a bloody explosion. The bullet had ricocheted off the floor. Her body jumped inhumanly. Fritz was knocked back. With a horrible bellow, her head jerked off my cock. Since I was hobbled by my pants, I went sideways, still holding onto the silencer in case Lisa's finger was still engaged.

Blood had sprayed into my face. One eye was closed in pain. But I had the gun. Fritz was sprawled with his still huge rod throbbing. The bullet had missed him, but the slap of the bullet as it ripped through Lisa must still be stinging. I covered him and cradled the crumpled Lisa. She was gut shot; not good. She mumbled in German.

"Take it easy, kid," I whispered, "we'll get you to a hospital." The circle of her blood was spreading in her clothes. She looked up at me.

"Hey, fucker," she croaked and smiled weakly, "did you come? I... did." She gave a choked moan and slumped. I set her down and motioned Fritz over. I transferred the handcuffs to both of them. Then I pulled myself together and ran for a phone.

"Hey, fucker," she croaked and smiled weakly, "did you come? I... did."

Lisa would pull through. Fritz was never better. Detective Samuals, an old pal, was hardly happy with having this case solved. The jerks up from Washington, from a confusing mess of lettered agencies, were only a little happier. The details of my involvement fascinated the F. B. I. guys.

Fritz and Lisa were international smugglers and saboteurs. The portable radio gimmicks were both a money importing scheme to finance their activities in America and also convincing duplicates of regular radios that would explode on command. Lisa had no confidence in her country or her party. But she did see a hell of nice place to have a lot of money. Manhattan. Of course, she was going to have to kill off Fritz and Larry. Larry must've gotten in her way and wasn't as lucky as me. Neither were the poor devils on the Hindenburg.

I was sworn to secrecy in the interests of national security. I was also given an idea of just how stiff the penalties would be if I even talked in my sleep about it. I did do one smart thing in all of this. I claimed that I'd found only one radio rather than two in Larry's apartment, thus keeping the platinum ingot out of the story. Getting it back from my smarter-than-average secretary, Mary, was a tougher job. I'm still fucking her as part of the deal.

Which isn't bad for an ex-private dick.

FINIS